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ABD-EL-KADER AND THE DRUSES.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous Algerian chieftain, Abd-el-Kader, who has made his name a household word by his noble protection of the Christians of Damascus. We also publish a graphic picture of a group of Druses.

Abd-el-Kader, who ten and fifteen years ago was well known as the gallant defender of Algeria against the French, was born in that region in the year 1807. His father was a chief—Hadji-Ouled-Mahiddin: he traced his genealogy as far back as Mohammed himself. When the French first began a war of conquest in Algeria, in 1832, Abd-el-Kader took up arms against them; he was the last to lay them down, and it was only by the aid of the Emperor of Morocco that the French conquered him at last. Throughout the war he displayed the highest military and manly qualities. He was brave, indefatigable, skillful in the battle-field; wise in council; humane to his prisoners; chivalric to his enemy. A hundred times or oftener it was announced in the Paris papers that he was overcome, and finished; but the news was no sooner afloat than later intelligence announced his reappearance on some unprotected flank of the French army. It was in fighting him that all the great French Generals of our time—Bugeaud and Cavaignac, who are dead, Lamoricière, Changarnier, Pelissier, Canrobert, and others, learned the trade of war.

Many pleasant anecdotes are remembered of these never-ending Algerian campaigns. Once Abd-el-Kader wrote to King Louis Philippe, proposing an exchange of prisoners. The King made no reply. Abd-el-Kader wrote again, in these words:

"I offered to exchange my prisoners for thine. Thou hast not answered my letter. I return thy prisoners notwithstanding. I have done my duty: 'tis now for thee to do thine."

When, at last, in 1846, the gallant chief was overborne, hemmed in, and stripped of most of the force which had rendered him so terrible, he wrote to Lamoricière:

ABD-EL-KADER.

"I have struggled long enough. I might still escape to the desert, but I see that God does not approve my enterprise. If thou hast the will and the power to send me into the East, as thou didst once propose, I will surrender. Conduct me thither."

General Lamoricière agreed to these terms, and the chieftain gave himself up to the French. The Duke d'Aumale, Louis Philippe's son, who was Governor of Algeria, ratified the bargain, and Abd-el-Kader, like another Jugurtha, was conducted to France, *en route* for the East. Unhappily for the honor of the French nation, Louis Philippe had too little honesty to stand by the bargain. Instead of sending Abd-el-Kader to the East he kept him a prisoner at Toulon, and set guards to watch his movements. It was reserved for the present Emperor to set the noble chief free after five years' confinement. On the 2d December, 1852, the day the empire was proclaimed, the Emperor sent to Abd-el-Kader and told him that, in compliance with the broken promise of the Duke d'Aumale, a French ship of war was ready to convey him to the East. The chief went first to Broussa; thence he soon after removed to Damascus, where he has ever since resided.

His recent conduct has been above all praise; he well deserves the cross of the Legion of Honor which the Emperor has just sent him. We published, in our last number but one, the letter in which he described the massacre of Damascus.

Of the Druses we have written a good deal of late. We may add here a brief memorandum derived from the records of a careful traveler:

The Druses occupy the southern section of the Chain of Lebanon, their great strong-holds being round Jezzin and Muktarah, and in the valley of Baruk. They also abound in the villages of the eastern and western declivities of Hermon. Their numbers have been estimated at about 78,000. They are more a political than a religious body. At all events, their religion is of an accommodating nature, and they are ready in the widest sense to "become all things to all men" that their own ends might be served. Their tenets are vailed in

A GROUP OF DRUSES IN LEBANON.

much obscurity, and many of their rites and ceremonies are unintelligible. So far as their profession of faith is known, it consists of the following propositions: 1. The unity of God and his manifestation of himself to men in the persons of several individuals, the last of whom was Hakin. 2. Five superior spritual ministers always existing. These have also appeared in the persons of men at various periods. The chief of them is Hamza and Christ. 3. The transmigration of souls. The souls of men never pass into animals. 4. The belief in a period when their religion shall be triumphant. 5. The seven points of Islam are set aside and the following substituted: Veracity (to each other), mutual protection and aid, renunciation of all other religious profession, the unity of God, contentment with his works, submission to his will, separation from those in error, and from demons.

Their places of worship are usually in remote but conspicuous spots—most of them on the summits of hills. Absolute privacy is the object.

They are not so numerous as the Maronites, but they are far more warlike. When at peace they are industrious and hospitable, but in war they are noted for their daring ferocity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE PRINCE.

IT is now settled that the Prince of Wales is to be in New York before the middle of October, and it is also settled that instead of a dinner he is to receive a public ball at the Academy of Music on the 12th of that month. The ball is to be given by the committee appointed at the citizens' meeting held a fortnight since; it consists of fifty or sixty of the richest, oldest, and most respectable men in the city, and there is no doubt they will do their business well. It has been remarked that there is not a mechanic, or a farmer, or an operative on the list of names. There was, of course, no intention to slight any class by selecting the committee exclusively from that section of our people which is sometimes termed "the aristocracy." The idea was to choose men who could not only give weight to the reception by their influence, but could afford to pay for an entertainment of the most expensive character; and as the number both of committee men and guests was necessarily limited, those were selected who best fulfilled these conditions.

At the same time the ball will not be the only public testimonial of respect to the Prince. The firemen are to give a torch-light parade at the Mayor's expense; the military will be reviewed; the British residents will probably give a private reception, if the Prince will accept it. There is no reason why the "thew and sinew" of the people should not adopt some plan to testify their good-will toward the future sovereign of our most intimate ally. A grand popular demonstration in the Central Park or Jones's Woods, with a hundred thousand intelligent and well-behaved people assembled in his honor, would be a sight which could not fail to please the Prince, and would be an event not without political significance. Such a celebration would not be costly, and would have the great advantage of securing a holiday in the pleasantest season of the year to our overworked operatives. In future years the picture of a hundred thousand honest New York faces, lit up with a kindly welcome to this young stranger, could hardly be forgotten, and might, some day or other, have its effect on the policy of England toward the United States.

BULLS AND BEARS.

PEOPLE who live far from Wall Street attach a mysterious and sometimes an awful signification to the terms "bulls" and "bears," which figure in the reports of the doings in that naughty place—the Stock Exchange. It is only the knowing ones who understand that both are speculators, often gamblers; the bulls buyers of stocks in the hope that they will rise, and the bears sellers for future delivery, hoping that they will fall. Both of course "talk the market" to suit their operations. A bull sees every thing prosperous around him, and serene in the future; to a bear the future is pregnant with gloom, and trouble, and ruin.

There are bulls and bears out of Wall Street, who would perhaps be surprised to hear themselves thus designated. The world is, in fact, full of bulls and bears; we are all of us either one or the other. The hopeful man who puts his money into new enterprises—builds houses, and ships, and railroads—founds lyceums, and establishes debating societies, is a bull; he who sees in the future railroads ruined, ships wrecked, houses untenanted, lyceums deserted, and dull debates at "the Athenæum," and who therefore will have nothing to do with them, is a bear. The one is a type of enterprise; the other of caution. Both are useful men in their way. Jones, who takes a sanguine view of every thing—who headed the subscription for the new church—who paid the schooling of that orphan, in the belief that "the little chap had something in him"—who took stock in the new bank—who *would* try the new steam-plow—who owns a share in the Atlantic Telegraph, and believes in the flying-machine—Jones, of course, is a bull beyond conversion; yet what could we do without him? Smith, again, who doubts in his heart whether the world really moves—foresaw the failure of the Erie Railroad, and, by his advice, induced old Mrs. Timpkins to sell out and save her little property—doubted the success of the proposed canal, and defeated the scheme which every body now sees would have been folly—denounced the Bloomer costume as an intolerable innovation—stood manfully by the Constitution when his fellow-citizens were crazy for new reforms—didn't believe in Walker, and now gloats over his ticklish position—never encouraged inventors, whom he regards as lunatics and impostors—expects the slavery quarrel to end in a general smash, Louis Napoleon to be assassinated, the English to be driven out of India, Garibaldi to be defeated and hanged, and all the New York banks to fail next Monday morning—Smith is a very sad bear; but is he not useful in his day and generation? It is hard to say whether we could spare him any better than Jones. Without the one we should make no progress at all; but without the other we should "go to smash" once a year.

There are other bulls and bears whose domain is moral. Old Grump is a moral bear. He is a sallow, sour-faced man with a scowl. He don't believe in virtue, or honesty, or purity, or disinterestedness, or charity, or truth. He sneers at the idea of virtuous women, who, he says, have never been exposed to temptation. "My motto is," says he, "that you must consider all men as rogues till you have tested them; and when you think you have found an honest man make up your mind that you are a fool, and that he has deceived you." He calls all donations of money for charitable purposes disguised advertisements. When the great merchant, S——, opened soup-kitchens for the poor in the famine times, Grump went about denouncing him as worse than Barnum. His opinion of our statesmen is that they are all rogues, and he never votes for fear, as he says, of helping one of the rascals to plunder the public. He never trusts any man's word, regarding all as liars except a few fools who don't know enough to lie. Grump is a moral bear, and we don't envy him his convictions.

Old Cheeryface is a moral bull. He is a fat, cheerful, jovial soul. He believes what every body says, and is sometimes terribly victimized by sharpers; perhaps, however, he is no unhappier on discovering the fraud practiced on him than Grump was in detecting it beforehand. He believes that we have as great statesmen now as they had in the olden time; yes, Sir, and as good men in every calling. He subscribes to no end of charities, and goes away with a laugh when his friends tell him he is throwing away his money. He never passes a beggar without relieving him; he may be an impostor, but what if he isn't, Sir? He trusts his people and the tradesmen with whom he deals; it is really so easy to cheat him that those who know him never try. They feel that he believes them to be honest, and whether they are or no, they endeavor to justify the belief. He never doubted Havelock's heroism, or Miss Nightingale's self-denial, or Webster's patriotism, or Carnochan's surgical skill, or O'Conor's knowledge of law, or Bryant's poetical genius. He don't think the world is coming to an end, and he don't say that things were all better managed when he was young. The boys all love him, and call him "an old trump."

Reader, gentle reader, are you bull or bear?

REGISTRATION OF MARRIAGES.

IT is understood that the priests of the Roman Catholic Church follow the example of the Archbishop, and refuse to communicate to the City Inspector the marriages they celebrate, and, we presume, also the baptisms and burials at which they officiate. They, like the prelate, justify their refusal to obey the law by stating that, in many cases, a compliance with its injunctions would involve a violation of a sacred trust reposed in them, and would disclose to the world family secrets which would bring disgrace on the parties concerned. In other words, they say that they have frequently to marry people who have been living together as man and wife, and whom the world supposed to have been married long since; likewise to baptize children who are illegitimate.

The defense is a poor compliment to the morals of the Roman Catholic laity. We should not have supposed that concubinage was so common among the Roman Catholics that decency forbade the publication of a record of their marriages and deaths. This, however, is a matter which the Archbishop must settle with his own people. The probability is, that the Archbishop objects to register the marriages he performs, not from a fear of offending decency or feeding scandal, but because the Roman Catholic Church does not recognize as valid marriages celebrated by Protestant clergymen. When a Catholic girl marries a Protestant in a Protestant Church, she is held by the Romish Church to be living in concubinage until she has been remarried by a Catholic priest. A publication of marriages, such as the law requires, would ventilate this absurdity. This the Archbishop foresees, and wisely seeks to escape so unpleasant a discovery.

However all this may be, it is quite enough to observe that a marriage register is absolutely necessary to civilization. It is a part, and one of the most valuable parts, of that census which all civilized nations take at periodical intervals. It is the best known key to social progress and material prosperity; for, as every one knows, the number of marriages and births invariably increases with general prosperity, and declines in hard times. Above all, it is the only true safeguard against endless litigation regarding inheritances; the only certain protection for legitimate heirs; the only reliable means of establishing legitimate descent and family relationships. Adopt Archbishop Hughes's plan, abolish registers of marriages, or allow them to be kept by irresponsible priests, and our census will be defective in a most essential particular; we shall be unable to apply the best of all tests to the progress of our national prosperity; and no man will be able to prove incontestably his legitimacy or his legal right to his father's inheritance.

We do not think the public are prepared to go as far as this to oblige his Grace. On the contrary, we are of the opinion that the effect of his ill-timed opposition to a perfectly sensible law—a law, by-the-way, which has for years been thoroughly carried out, not only in Protestant England but in Catholic France—will simply be the introduction of a new bill at the next session of the Legislature, substituting imprisonment for the fine which is now the penalty of non-compliance with the legal requirement. The people of the State of New York will submit to a good deal for peace' sake; but they are not quite prepared to let priests of any denomination select the laws which they choose to obey, and the laws which they choose to break.

Perhaps by the time the Legislature meets the wealthy Catholics of New York will have paid up some more money toward the New Cathedral the Archbishop is building. In that event we entertain a lively hope that his Grace will be found less uncompromising in his resistance to the law, and less zealous for martyrdom. The appeal for money followed so very close on the appeal for persecution that one can not help thinking they were not wholly disconnected in the archiepiscopal mind.

THE LOUNGER.

H. R. H.

THE Prince is to come to New York, but he will not dine with us; he will only dance. Well, we have had princes before. The Prince de Joinville came in *La belle Poule*, and he danced with us, and made us happy. But there are princes and princes. Jineville, as he was familiarly called by Gunnybags and his cronies, was only the younger son of a citizen-king of the French. But this is the king that shall be. This is the dauphin of Great Britain.

In one of his recent letters, which, to parody Willis's title, might properly be called "Letters from under the Table," the excellent Mr. Jenkins mentions that the Prince, whom he so loudly applauded but a short time before for resting his partners frequently, "having used them for the purposes of the dance, he turns his back and leaves them to find their parents or guardians as best they can." Mr. Jenkins is not happy in his descriptive style. To say that a gentleman uses ladies for the purposes of the dance is neither so brief nor so elegant a form of expression as to say that a gentleman dances with them. If Mr. Jenkins will permit a kindly word of advice, he would do well to use a little different phraseology when he describes the great ball at the Academy.

He is probably not aware that the etiquette of court circles is somewhat different from that of the severe republican simplicity with which he is more familiar. In Prussia, for instance, a royal prince, having surveyed the company, sends a page to signify to the lady whose appearance pleases him that his royal highness will dance with her. The royal wish dissolves all other engagements. It would be a sad breach of propriety should the lady hesitate or decline. In like manner, when Mr. Jenkins is passing a few days in London, and the Queen, hearing of it, hastens to summon him to dine at Buckingham Palace, he should understand, as his friends the Marquis of Westminster and Earl Derby will doubtless inform him, that the royal invitation is a command; and that although he may have engaged to take a chop at "Joe's" with his friend Mr. John Thomas, he must excuse himself to Mr. Thomas, and dine with the Queen. Royalty is an exception to all rules. Nothing would seem more impolite and snobbish to a natural sense of propriety and good feeling than that a man should break his engagement to dine with a poor and obscure person because a rich and famous one had afterward invited him for the same day. But "your Majesty's self is but a ceremony." The whole system of courts and exalted personages is based upon an artificial, and not a natural, superiority. There was probably never a more ignorant and unprincipled and selfish man in what is called "good society" than George the Fourth. Yet George the Fourth was known as the first gentleman in Europe.

Dear Mr. Jenkins, don't misunderstand. To speak in your own favorite style, "a prince as is a prince" will be also a gentleman; and every thing conspires to make us all believe the Prince of Wales to be in that category. We all reserve our final judgment until we see him at *the* ball. Doubtless the Montreal affair was very well. But when the Gunnybagses take matters in hand, you are aware, Mr. Jenkins, that it is a very different thing.

OF THE MILDER TYPES OF POVERTY.

HALF a million of dollars is at least a comfortable competency. With the income of that sum judiciously expended the sharper trials of poverty may be avoided. Indeed the great majority of men would gladly compromise their chance of ten millions hereafter for half a million paid down. If they had invented any useful machinery—if they had written any great work—if they had served the world in any way, and the world had said, "I will give you half a million of dollars and cry quits," the great mass of men would have joyfully answered, "Quits."

But Mr. Howe of the sewing machines has no idea of crying quits. He patented a very useful invention. It greatly enhanced the value of the machines; it created new forms of labor, furnished more employment, etc., etc. The time draws near for the expiration of the privilege. "I want it renewed," says Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. "Hallo! haven't I paid you half a million dollars for your invention?" cries the world. "Yes; but it is not enough. It is not proportioned to the value of my improvement," quoth Mr. Howe of the sewing machines.

His reply is natural enough, and raises the whole question—when is an inventor adequately paid by society for his invention? If it be really a service to the laborer, by saving his health and his life, either directly or indirectly, then, of course, you can not make an exact statement, because there is no relation between life and money. We must look for an answer elsewhere.

Society wishes to use the talent of all the men that compose it. To foster and develop that talent it rewards it with fame or honor, with money, or with both. But the reward in money is a tax laid upon the individual, and therefore society properly holds that when the fruits of talent have been reasonably remunerated the tax shall cease to be levied. This is the philosophy of the limitation of patent and copyright laws. They assume, at bottom, the loyalty of the individual to society. They assume that he is willing that society at large shall enjoy the benefit of his talent after it has liberally paid him for every special effort. So long as the maker of a machine must add to its cost the expense of an improvement, so long, of course, it is dearer to the purchaser. And where the improvement lessens the cost of manufacture, the tax of the patent is still additional. The inventor is paid by society because his invention is considered useful: but *how* useful society itself must decide.

"I love you hundred dollars worth," lisps the child to his mother. It is an amusing standard, because affection can not be so valued. "I love your invention five hundred thousand dollars worth," says society to Mr. Howe of the sewing machines. It is not a pitiful sum. It is a life-long fortune for any man. It is freely given, because the invention is valuable. But if you should have a million dollars, why not a hundred million, Mr. Howe of the sewing machines? Please to be content with riches. Please to remove this tax from the working class. If you had made only a thousand dollars, or ten thousand, or fifty, or a hundred, you might declare that your profit was not proportioned to that of the manufacturers. But five hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Mr. Howe of the sewing machines!

PRIVATE *VS.* PUBLIC LIFE.

THE recent retirement to private life of one of the most prominent public men of the country, Governor Banks of Massachusetts, has turned general attention to the subject of the pecuniary value of public office in this country.

The rate of living with us is constantly increasing, but the salary of public men remains fixed, or very slowly changes. It has therefore come to be understood, that, for an eminent lawyer to accept a seat upon the bench, or for any adequately accomplished man to go to Congress, or to the State Legislature, implies a very serious reduction of his income. In other words, the State is a poor paymaster. Isn't it, therefore, penny-wise and pound-foolish?

The *theory* is, that public office must not be so pecuniarily profitable as to make it sought by venal men for the sake of its salary. The *fact* is, that if it be not pecuniarily profitable it will be avoided by competent incumbents, and will be held by men who will indirectly and dishonestly make a good thing of it.

For instance, in this State even a Lounger can not be deaf to the indignant protest against the corruptions of last winter's Legislature. All the parties profess to want clean men in the next Assembly. All the papers exhort the voters to look sharp at the primary meetings. Let us believe them for a moment. Let us concede that we are all vitally interested in the nominations to the Legislature. Now then—

"Mr. Chairman, I nominate Mr. Demosthenes Green as a representative from the fifty-eighth district."

The motion is seconded. Mr. D. Green is nominated by acclamation. What does he say? He says, "Gentlemen, my business gives me from four to ten thousand dollars a year if I personally superintend it. If I play truant I lose it. You ask me to spend more than a third of the year in Albany, for which you agree to pay me three hundred dollars. No, I thank you."

The Convention naturally asks him if he is not willing to do so much for his country? If patriotism does not inspire him to sacrifice, etc., etc.? Mr. Demosthenes Green answers No. And what is the result? That, with few exceptions, men are sent whom any great speculator feels no fear in approaching with a bribe.

Besides, why should a State expect to be served upon more favorable terms than individuals? As an employer, you know that you must pay the best wages for the best service. If you want a good book-keeper, or foreman, or artist of any kind, you must give a liberal salary. Why should you not expect that accomplished men would keep your books from motives of pure brotherly love, as well as that they should serve in the Legislature from patriotism? And to bring it to a point, if it be the interest of a railroad company to pay the highest salaries to its officers, is it not quite as much the interest of a State to do the same thing?

It is very clear that, as a rule, we shall never see the ablest and most practical men in public office, except in times of great public emergency, until the emolument bears some relation to the importance of the service. Nor ought we to expect to find them there in great crises, because, however willing and anxious they may be to serve, it will take a long time to master the corruption at elections, which inevitably creeps in where offices are despised, and are sought only by venal men for venal ends.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING.

THERE will probably always be plenty of people willing to take office. It is not a question of quantity but of quality. When Mr. Buchanan was elected President, a gentleman who had worked for him went to Washington with his pockets full of letters to General Cass, the Secretary of State. He called at the Department and presented his letters to the Secretary. "They are entirely satisfactory, Sir," said that public functionary. "I see that you are an applicant for the consulship at Genoa."

"Yes, Sir," replied the applicant; "I thought I should probably have no difficulty in securing so unimportant a post."

"Perhaps, Sir," said the Secretary, "you would like to see the list of applicants for the Genoa consulship?"

The gentleman opened his eyes.

"List of applicants! I supposed that nobody else would have thought it worth while to—"

"Here, Sir," interrupted the Secretary, "here is the list. The names are numbered. You observe there are already twenty-five hundred. I shall have great pleasure in entering your name in order."

The gentleman with the satisfactory letters was confounded.

"No, no, thank you, Sir," he replied, decisively. "I beg you not to enter my name. I will take my letters if you please, Sir, and wish you good-morning. *Good*-morning, Sir."

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

THIS remarkable novel, which has been published serially in the *Weekly* since last November, is now completed and published with copious illustrations. The same felicitous portrayal of character which was shown in Mr. McLenan's designs for the "Tale of Two Cities," is displayed in those for "The Woman in White," and reveal a very rare talent for pictorial characterization. The author indeed does not more sharply define his personages than the artist. The tale is told to the eye as well as to the mind, and Mr. McLenan may be honestly congratulated upon his creations. Count Fosco and Mr. Fairlie will live in the public mind as he has drawn them.

The story itself is one of absorbing interest and masterly skill. The profound interest of the reader is awakened at the opening, and is held more and more intently to the close. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the work is that, excepting at the commencement, there is no love in the book—that is to say, no love-making. The hero is Count Fosco, and he is as distinct a creation as Mr. McLenan makes him. But Count Fosco is a man of sixty.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's previous stories, good as they were, had not prepared the public for so remarkable a novel as "The Woman in White." In plot, in characterization, in treatment, it is altogether admirable.

RURAL.

WAS it not Mr. Downing who said that there were twenty thousand country places in England finer than the finest country-place in this country? At least some competent authority said something like that. Since the death of Mr. Downing, however, there have been such improvements in the direction which so profoundly interested him that all his statements of the actual condition of rural affairs and the interest and changes in country life must be regarded as purely historical. Nothing shows this more strikingly than the fact that, in editing Downing's "Landscape Garden" last year, Mr. Sargent added the substance of a little volume, which was necessary to bring the work up to the level of the public interest and information in rural science and life.

The suburbs of all our chief cities are now filled with beautiful places, upon which wealth and skill do their utmost. There are certain regions which have been long famous for rural elegance. Brookline, near Boston; the banks of the North River, and of the Delaware (the South River); the neighborhood of Philadelphia—these are covered with places so costly and fine that, if England have twenty thousand finer, England must have wonderfully improved of late years.

But there is always the old disadvantage of our places—at least, in the Northern part of the country—in which peculiar attention is paid to the æsthetics of rural cultivation; and that old thing is that they are new. They are made in comparatively late years. Money and skill can do much, but they can not hurry trees. They may plant, protect, and foster them in every way; but time only brings splendid oaks, elms, chestnuts, hickories. Time also brings a certain indescribable character to a country place, as it gives tone to a picture or mellowness to wine. It is not the perfectly lined and rolled avenue, nor the rare exotics, nor the new shrubs, nor the mossy lawn, alone which constitute the highest charm. In fact, part of the difficulty in the impression of our places is this absolute accuracy and nervous care. It makes them a little stiff. There is a touch of the parvenu in it all—a kind of Californian opulence, as of yesterday. The gold, as it were, is too new—too shiny. The gentleman's hat, and gloves, and clothes are too recently from the accomplished and gentlemanly hatter, haberdasher, and tailor—so to say. That kind of easy carelessness is wanting which comes from hereditary habit of possession. A little less angularity and jealous care, if you could get them—and it is certainly very hard to say how they are to be got, except as a tree gets a hundred years of growth—would be the very thing to make your place perfectly elegant. It is a matter of feeling. To illustrate by extremes, the *point-device* Beau Nash was not a gentleman, but the slouching Prince Charlie was.

It was lately my good fortune to walk in one of the finest places of this kind. The trees were very ancient and lofty, and grouped with natural grace. There were oaks, chestnuts, lindens, and hickories in abundance, and other trees in due order. There was an old-fashioned garden, with urns overflowing with aloes, stiff and straight parterres of flowers—for in such a place that quaint regularity is *de rigueur*. Beyond the garden, in which you would not have been surprised to meet the ladies of Louis Fourteenth's Versailles, the level lawn, cut with paths, dotted with a juniper or a cypress, stretched away under the expansive arms of chestnuts and oaks. New turns brought new reaches into view, edged with meandering thickets of rich shrubs, and leading on to the stained marble basins of fountains. We stopped and plucked ripe figs, and grapes, and apricots. The effect was every where delightful and satisfactory; but it was in none of the details—it was in that indescribable careless care of every thing, which never shows itself so well as where it deals with a place of a century of cultivation.

LONDON SATURDAY REVIEWING.

THERE is a weekly journal in London known as the *Saturday Review*. It is sometimes entertaining, and always coxcombical, and may be accurately described by the word "*smart*." It has an air of profound scholarship mingled with humor, like that of a double first-class man at a fashionable dinner. It is the same paper which thought that Mr. Heenan and Mr. Sayers were setting an example worthy of universal imitation, etc. Now that the quality of Saturday historical reviewing may be fully enjoyed, it is worth while to read its article upon Parke Godwin's recently published first volume of the History of France.

It welcomes "with pleasure his (Mr. Godwin's) spirited effort to produce a great work upon a great subject." It praises his plan as "comprehensive and exhaustive," and very justly says: "From the specimen before us we may expect that the information given will be exceedingly full, and, at the same time, sedulously condensed; that it will embrace particulars, not of the political history only, but of the society, literature, and ideas; and that the judgments pronounced will be manly, sensible, and temperate. The style will be vigorous and clear, though tinged with a little American inflation and roughness—the disquisitions will be learned, the narrative flowing, and the descriptions not deficient in picturesqueness and spirit."

That is simple and true enough, and, as the *Review* says, "these are great and comprehensive merits, and seem almost to preclude the suggestion of any qualification." But it had already called the work "an elaborate compilation," and then proceeds to qualify by charging plagiarism upon the author. Fortunately for Mr. Godwin the *Review* tries to establish its charge by quotations of parallel passages from Godwin and Merivale. Thus:

Merivale. "The ponderous sails soon brought the masts by the board, and they (the vessels) thus became unmanageable."

Godwin. "The vessels of the Veneti were rendered unmanageable."

Again:

Merivale. "* * * in time to hear the last crash of the sinking bridge," etc.

Godwin. "* * * just in time to hear the last plank of the bridge leading to it fall crackling into the stream," etc.

There is more of the same, gravely cited to establish a charge which is among the meanest that can be cast at a man of letters. In all the cases the statements compared are of matters of fact described in the original authorities. In precisely the same way every author who writes history may be accused of plagiarism from every other writer who has treated the same theme. Such "reviewing" utterly disgraces literature and criticism, and only serves to establish what it is meant to overthrow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PRINCE OF A YOUNG FELLOW.

"VERBENA VILLA, *Friday*.

"OH, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am *so* delighted. That dear, *darling* Prince of Wales! Isn't he a *duck*? Only hear now how delightfully his charming Royal Highness is getting on in Canada. This is what the New York *Herald* tells us of the Ball which was given at the Colonial House, in the parish of St. John's,* to him:

"'The Prince arrived at about ten o'clock, and was greeted with loud, enthusiastic, and prolonged cheers—the bands playing "*God save the Queen.*" The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a British colonel. He was accompanied by the Earl of St. Germans, who was dressed in blue, with a badge, and the Duke of Newcastle, who wore his full uniform. The Prince danced six times during the evening, and remained with the company until half past two o'clock this morning. The dancing, on the whole, among the company, was not very good. The Prince very affably and good-naturedly corrected some of the blundering dancers, and every now and then called out the different figures of the dance. He is himself a very graceful and accomplished dancer, as he fully proved in the way he whirled through waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles. While he danced he was repeatedly cheered, and he very properly took a new partner whenever he stood up to dance. The people every where are greatly delighted. The unpretending and genial disposition of the young Prince has gained him the affection of many true and worthy hearts.'

"There! isn't that *delicious!* Only think now of our Prince of Wales having to turn *dancing-master!* Oh, how I should have *loved* to have been 'whirled through a waltz' with him! I'm sure His Highness wouldn't have found *me* a 'blundering dancer.' Poor fellow! I dare say that he was *sadly vexed* to find that the Canadians were so clumsy in a ball-room. Really, I've *no patience* with such ungainly creatures. My heart *bleeds* to think how terribly they trod upon his toes, and wobbled in their waltzing. Clearly something should be done to prevent such *stupid things* from troubling our Princes. Oh, if I'd been there! Wouldn't I have put their noses out of joint just! I should *so* like to show them how an *English* girl can dance, particularly when she gets a *Prince* to be her partner!

"I don't quite understand though what the paper means by saying that whenever the Prince danced he 'very properly took a new partner.' I confess I can't see what there is so '*very proper*' in this. I know myself I like to keep more to *one* partner than to have to dance about with nobody knows whom, so that one never has the chance of a bit of a *flirtation*, and still less of arriving at the *interesting moment* when one *may* hear something *serious*. I'm sure that my Mamma knows much better than a *newspaper* what is 'very proper' for one; and I know that when the other night I danced *six times* with young Lord Crœsus, Ma whispered me *en passant* to try and dance a *seventh*, and told me when I had done so, that it was '*very proper!*'

"But variety, you know, isn't *always* charming, is it? at any rate, in Canada it doesn't seem to be so. At least, although the paper says that the Prince has 'gained the affection of many true and worthy hearts,' I don't much think his Highness has *lost his own* at present. And I hope he'll bring it back with him as whole as it was, doubtless, when he took it out; though for that matter, perhaps, if it really *is* the law that he mustn't form a marriage with a nice good *English* girl, I don't know but I'd like him to bring home a born Yankee rather than be forced, for some ridiculous *State* reasons, to give his Royal hand to one of those *Small Germans*, who are doubtless looking out for it.

"I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours, and Oh! the Prince's, if he might but have me!

"With the fondest love and *reverence*,

"GEORGIANA GUSHINGTON."

* St. John's is not a parish, and is not in Canada. But never mind, Miss. Loyalty ranks higher than Geography.—*Punch*.

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

HERE's a stunning set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Here's a flashy set of us,
Fast young ladies;
Nowise shy or timorous,
Up to all that men discuss,
Never mind how scandalous,
Fast young ladies.

Wide-awakes our heads adorn,
Fast young ladies;
Feathers in our hats are worn,
Fast young ladies;
Skirts hitched up on spreading frame,
Petticoats as bright as flame,
Dandy high-heeled boots, proclaim
Fast young ladies.

Riding habits are the go,
Fast young ladies,
When we prance in Rotten Row,
Fast young ladies;
Where we're never at a loss
On the theme of "that 'ere 'oss,"
Which, as yet, we do not cross,
Fast young ladies.

There we scan, as bold as brass,
Fast young ladies,
Other parties as they pass,
Fast young ladies;
Parties whom our parents, slow,
Tell us we ought not to know;
Shouldn't we, indeed? Why so,
Fast young ladies?

On the Turf we show our face,
Fast young ladies;
Know the odds of every race,
Fast young ladies;
Talk, as sharp as any knife,
Betting slang—we read *Bell's Life:*
That's the ticket for a wife,
Fast young ladies!

We are not to be hooked in,
Fast young ladies;
I require a chap with tin,
Fast young ladies.
Love is humbug; cash the chief
Article in my belief:
All poor matches come to grief,
Fast young ladies.

Not to marry is my plan,
Fast young ladies,
Any but a wealthy man,
Fast young ladies.
Bother that romance and stuff!
She who likes it is a muff;
We are better up to snuff,
Fast young ladies.

Give me but my quiet weed,
Fast young ladies,
Bitter ale and ample feed,
Fast young ladies;
Pay my bills, porte-monnaie store,
Wardrobe stock—I ask no more.
Sentiment we vote a bore,
Fast young ladies.

"THE DENOMINATIONAL REASON WHY."—What is the Pope's warrant for demanding Peter's Pence?—His Holiness claims to have derived a power of attorney from St. Peter.

A GOOD JOKE FOR ITALY.—Garibaldi is getting on like a man with a wheel-barrow, carrying every thing before him.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—A book has just been published under the title of "Astronomy in a Nutshell." The whole system of Astronomy in a Nutshell? A nutshell may contain a nucleus, but can hardly be big enough to inclose even the smallest entire comet.

A canon of Westminster Abbey has a son, whom, like a wise parient, he has sent to Westminster School. Some time ago it became the turn of this particular Ecclesiastical Great Gun to preach a month's course of sermons, in succession to Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, much abhorred by the Westminster boys, and all other mortals, on account of the inordinate length and unequaled dryness of his discourses.

One day, in conversation with a clerical friend, prior to entering the Abbey, the good canon and indulgent father suddenly varied the dialogue in this manner:

"By-the-by, what do you think my young scamp has been telling me this morning?"

"Can't say. He's at the school, isn't he?"

"Yes; and he came to me and said that I mustn't preach for more than half an hour, as the other boys had promised him a tanning if I did. I dare say it wouldn't do him any harm; still, as I don't want him to get licked for my sins as well as his own, I think I may as well cut it short."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the canon's friend, "I only wish Wordsworth had a boy at Westminster."

IN THE PRESS.—A new medical work is about to be published, under the original title of "Brandy and Soda Water." It is intended as a companion volume to Dr. Wright's "Headaches: their Causes and their Cure."

EQUIPOISE FOREVER.—Spain wants to be admitted among the Great Powers, does she? And France and Austria are willing to receive her? Very good; no objection to six of Papist if that is to be balanced by half a dozen of Protestant. The Swedish Turnip is as big as the Spanish Onion.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate wid his hands in his pockets, never draming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

A man lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked, "What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fire?"—"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C. to a bookseller.—"No, Miss, none," was the answer.—"Why," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no *plates?*"

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much, indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

There is a story told of a man who met his own double—or wraith, as they call it—on the stairs; and dreadfully frightened the poor fellow was at the double presentment of himself. "Well, and what did you do?" inquired one, not of a credulous turn of mind, to whom he narrated his ghastly experience of the supernatural world.—"Nothing."—"Nothing! why, if I had met myself on the stairs, I'd have knocked myself down."

An old man makes love at a disadvantage. It must be a very amorous sort of wink that can captivate through a pair of spectacles.

No man can be in two places at the same time; but many a hypocritical fellow has shown that he can be two things in one place.

A few days ago the proprietor of a large coal-mine found all his hands off at a political meeting. No doubt they thought "hands off is fair play."

Naval architects are discussing the question what shape is best for a vessel. Undoubtedly it should be ship-shape.

The thumb is a useful member; but because you have got one, you needn't try to get your neighbor's under it.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said, "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

GERMAN PLEASANTRY.—Some of the German journals now style the Emperor Napoleon "Anexander the Great."

EQUIVOCAL ADVERTISEMENT.—The following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in a corset-maker's shop window in Glasgow: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

A SETTLER.—A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Charles Lamb, kept boring him with questions about crops. At length he put a poser: "And pray, Sir, how are turnips t' year?" "Why that, Sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of your whiskers—if you happen to have a nice pair.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smaller division of time ever to be new?—Because it must always be a second-hand one.

He who marries a lady for her fine teeth will be likely to find himself bitten.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

The winds are responsible for many an unlucky blow.

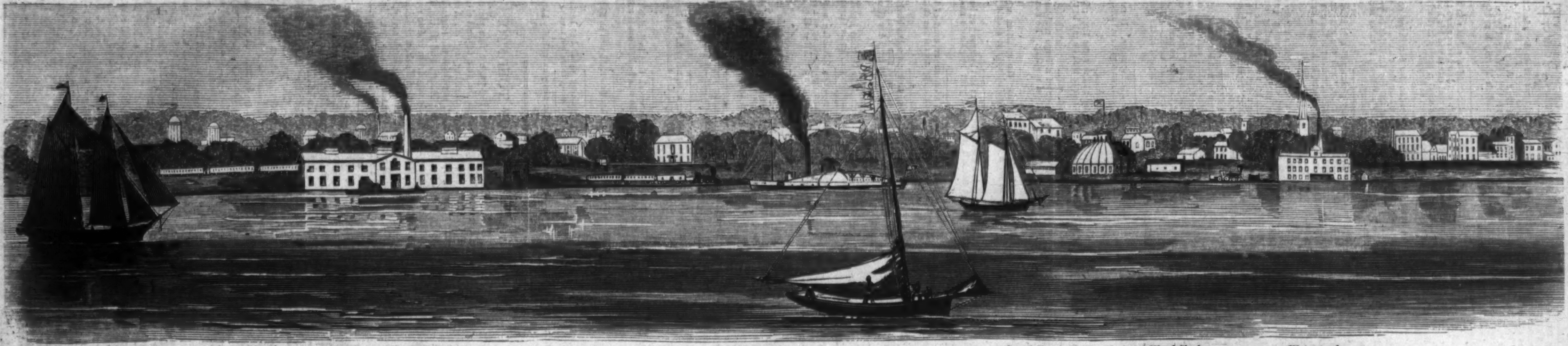
THE CITY OF TORONTO.

WE publish on the following page a fine picture of the city of Toronto, one of the two capital cities of Canada. It is from a drawing by W. Armstrong, Esq., civil engineer, based on photographs lately taken by Armstrong, Beere, and Hime, of Toronto. It shows the whole city from end to end.

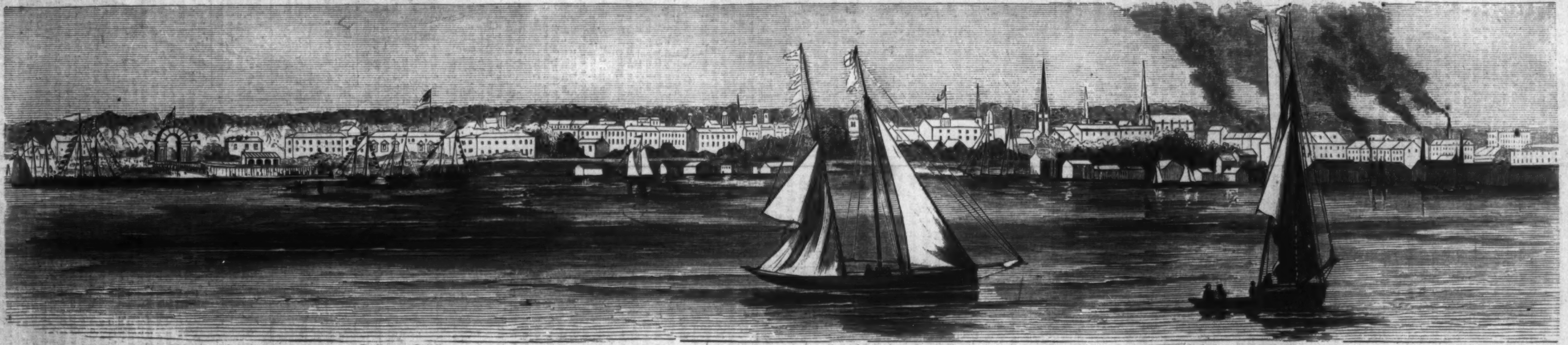
Toronto, which was first called York, was founded by Governor Simcoe, of the British army, in 1794, and, unlike most Canadian cities, was laid out on the plan which prevails in this country—in the form of a parallelogram. It was for many years a place of small note. In the last war it was taken by General Pike, the fortifications destroyed, and a large quantity of stores seized. The blow was long felt. In 1817, four years afterward, the population of the place was only 1200, and in 1830 less than 3000. The progress of immigration and settlement, however, began after this to make a change in the fortunes of Toronto, and the rebellion of 1838 did it no harm. It was one of the places which, during the subsequent years of change, had the honor of being the capital of the province; and when the present system of alternating capitals was adopted, it shared the privilege of being the seat of government with Quebec. Within the last four years the city has grown amazingly; it is now only second to Montreal.

The intellectual and commercial movement of Toronto has latterly been very remarkable. Before the crisis of 1857 stores in the principal street rented at $1000 @ $1200 a year, and all kinds of real property rose to fabulous prices. There has been a decline since then, of course; but still prices are relatively higher than they are in any other Canadian town. Toronto boasts several Universities, which bear a high reputation; a large number of newspapers, which are the most influential in the province; and a circle of intelligent and well-informed men larger than can be found in any other Canadian city.

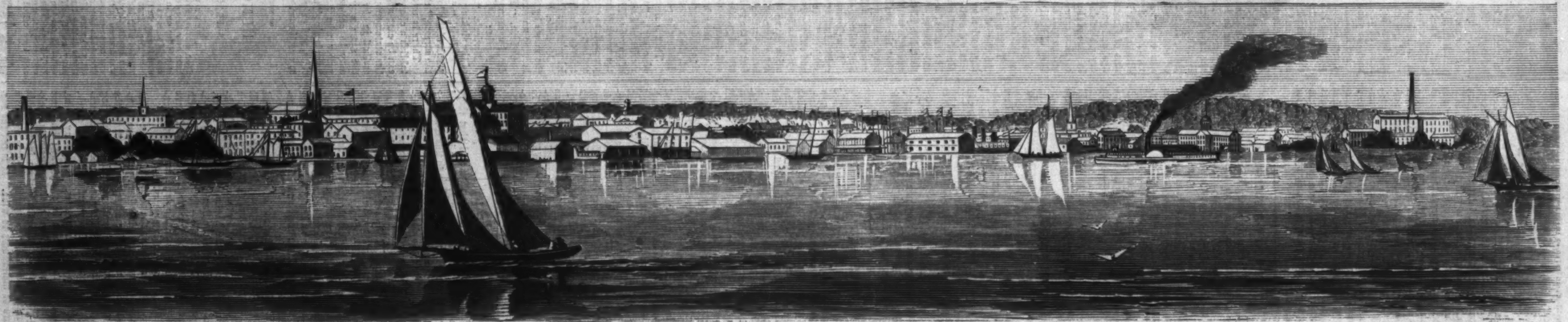
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, CANADA WEST.—[FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, ESQ., AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARMSTRONG, BEERE, & HIME, OF TORONTO.]



Work-shops of Northern Railway. Grand Trunk Engine Shed and Wood Sheds. Water-works.



Reception Amphitheatre and Arch. Parliament Buildings. Holy Trinity Church. Normal School. Rossin House. Knox's Church. Roman Catholic Cathedral.



Jacques & Hay's Furniture Factory. St. Andrew's Church. Episcopal Cathedral. St. Lawrence Hall. City Hall. Trinity Church. Jail. Gooderham's Distillery.

MR. WILLIAM WALCUTT.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mr. William Walcutt, the sculptor of the Perry Monument, of which we publish an engraving on another page. Mr. Walcutt's modesty is such that we are only able to say of him that he was born at Columbus, Ohio, and that he studied in Europe. His work, however, which is one of the finest monuments in the country, speaks so eloquently for him that nothing further is needed.

WILLIAM WALCUTT THE SCULPTOR.—[Photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.]

MARKHAM'S REVENGE.

"Consequences are unpitying."—George Eliot.

CHAPTER I.

"Clara's sister in India!" muttered Markham.

"That's Colonel Vincent's wife!" exclaimed his companion. "Isn't she handsome? Every body's mad about her. But what's the matter, Markham? You positively shiver in this fiery furnace. Ague, my boy?"

"No, it's constitutional."

"Would you like to be introduced?"

"After this dance. You find a partner; I'll sit down."

The scene was quite novel to Markham. An English ball with oriental accessories; active dancing beneath the flap of the punkas to the music of a regimental band of natives; native servants flitting about; two or three native gentlemen in rich costumes, with an affectation of European manners on the surface, and oriental depreciation of women in their sensual souls, gazing in wonderment at the activity of the dancers. But the scene which was called up in Markham's mind by the sight of Mrs. Vincent was far away in England six years back. A summer moon shining through dark poplars, which shadowed a garden-walk; heavy jessamine and sickly in the sultry evening, then the lightest footsteps, but quite audible to his anxious ears—promises, and vows, and passionate utterance, sorrow in the present, but hope in the future, and then the interview sternly broke in upon with angry words.

"Now, Markham, come and be introduced."

"Thank you, some other time."

"But I've asked her, and she says she will be very happy to make your acquaintance."

Markham was forced to acquiesce.

There was a circle of admirers around the queen of the ball.

"Who's that native?" exclaimed Markham to his companion. "I'd fell a man to the ground who stared at a woman like that."

"Bless you, that's the Rajah of ——; he's the best fellow in the world—gives such jolly hunting parties; quite a marvel in the way of civilization; reads all sorts of poetry; knows Tom Moore by heart."

"But his cursed stare?"

"Pooh! it's the way these chaps have. Nobody's speaking to her now. Come along."

"Mr. Markham—Mrs. Vincent."

He stood before her perfectly self-possessed, but she was evidently taken by surprise; his name must have escaped her when the introduction was requested.

"This is unexpected—an old friend!" she exclaimed. Then in a whisper, "an old friend, Mr. Markham, notwithstanding the past—Colonel, an old friend from England!" and she introduced Markham to her husband.

"Mr. Markham!" said the Colonel. "I have much honor—the engineer of the —— line?"

"The same, Sir."

The Colonel dabbled in speculation; the Colonel was delighted to make Markham's acquaintance; his poor house was at Markham's service while he remained at the station. The Colonel drew Markham out of the circle to have some special conversation on railway topics; the circle closed again to listen to Mrs. Vincent's brilliant sallies and repartee, but she had become silent and pensive.

When she had heard of Markham last Markham had gone to Canada. Why in the countless chances of life should he and she meet at this time in India? Why should the error of her life have been thus brought vividly before her? Was this a monition to repentance? Yet why repentance at this particular season?—repentance timing itself with the newest *valse* from England, and the whirl of the dancers. How the heaviness and depression of the mind darkens passing events! The vague rumors of that dreadful affair at Meerut—was that merely an isolated occurrence arising out of special circumstances? The Colonel said so—the Colonel and all the officers were fully confident in the devotion and loyalty of the regiment; she had believed them implicitly; but now her mind was filled with terrible doubt. What if these natives should prove utterly false? Why she and all around her were treading on smouldering fire. She must speak to the Colonel; where was he? She raised her eyes; the circle which had been round her gradually dispersed, all, save one, that Rajah of ——. She was perfectly accustomed to that repulsive mystery of expression which marks the oriental type; but when his eyes chanced to meet hers, there was something so terribly repulsive in the gaze that she trembled and turned pale—in another moment deep crimson mantled her countenance; she left her seat and hurried to the Colonel, who was still standing talking to Markham. Placing her arm in his, she whispered:

"Let us go home now."

"It's early yet, my love."

The Colonel was deep in the share market, and anxious for further conversation with Markham.

"But I don't feel quite well, pray come. Good-night, Mr. Markham, we shall meet again soon."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "Mr. Markham has promised to dine with us to-morrow."

Markham bowed. . . . . . .

"To-morrow!"

As it will be at the end of the world, so it was at many of those stations in India. The sun rose on the ordered strength of human system, and, behold! all that men trusted in and clung to shrunk in a moment from their grasp.

They did meet again very soon, Mrs. Vincent and Markham—a speedy transition from the amenities of society to grim strife for life and death—dragged from her own home; but he had rescued her, driven her—clinging desperately to him—through a hundred dangers.

Whither now? Bewildered by unknown roads, beneath a burning sun and fiery gusts of parching wind, the hard-held rein growing looser and looser in the hand. Still she kept urging him to hurry on—on, from a fear worse than death that possessed her soul. But the brave horse, wounded and worn out, fell at last.

This flight from the land of Death, so terribly real, yet growing more and more into the semblance of a frightful dream—the clogged effort to escape, and the sense of an irresistible doom creeping slowly onward.

There was a native hut near the road. It appeared tenantless. He half carried her—half dragged her to it. The place was quite bare, save some rough planking at one end, which formed a rude couch. It afforded shelter from the sun, not from the heat, still it gave them breathing-time.

Oh that fearful heat! Though she had lived three years in India, she never before felt its full force untempered by the appliances of man.

Neither spoke for a while. Profound silence reigned around them—silence more awful than the din and clamor from which they had fled. Inaction, more terrible than the sharp struggle that had saved them from death. Inaction, which allowed the mind to realize silence—as it were Heaven hushed for a last confession and prayer.

The chances were terribly against escape. Markham saw that clearly, and yet even to surprise, he had never in his life known his mind more perfectly composed and capable of exact thought. He was constitutionally brave, and his mental powers were never fully developed until he stood face to face with difficulty. Far different her condition. Her husband had just fallen in his brave attempt to appeal to the men, but in the terror of the present there was no room for that sorrow in her mind. Life or death? Life, was to fall alive into the rebels' hands; Death, was to die unforgiven by those she had wronged most.

"Markham, have you any ammunition left?"

"We must give up all hopes of resistance against numbers," he replied, quietly.

"But the ammunition?"

"Only one barrel loaded! If more than three attack us I have determined to throw the pistol away. Perhaps I should act differently were I alone; but it would only exasperate them against you."

"One barrel loaded!" she murmured—then was silent. A terrible resolution was forming in her mind.

She looked steadfastly at him. "Is there any hope of escape, Markham?"

"Very little hope, if we are pursued."

"How calm you are, Markham—I'm—"

"Do you think my life has been so very happy, Pauline, that I should be quite unnerved by the approach of death?"

"Does that old affection for my sister linger yet? I fancied you were so ambitious."

"It formed the very base of my ambition. I have worked since, because there is a sense of power in me which urges me on, but I have worked careless of reward and honor."

"Can you forgive her, Markham?"

"I have forgiven her since I entered this hut."

"Oh! Markham, at this last hour, can you forgive me also?" She flung herself at his feet. "I induced her to marry that man."

"You had every right, as her sister, fairly to advise. The blame was hers in yielding."

"Markham, the blame was mine—I deceived her—kill me, but I must speak now. I was horribly tempted. Our family was very poor for the station we held. That rich man loved her, and if she married him it opened a path of affluence to us all. And you were poor and unknown then. My father was fearfully involved—but God forbid I should try to hide my guilt. I was cursed with the thirst for affluence and worldly position."

"But those letters I wrote her—they were placed in a secret spot known to us alone."

"Markham—I tracked her there—oh mercy!"

An exulting yell outside showed that the pursuers had discovered the buggy and dead horse.

She fell back terror-stricken, but he drew her forward, holding her in the grasp of a vice.

"Quick with your confession!"

"I took the letters away one by one—we urged her to consent to the addresses of Mr. Manson—"

"Well?"

"But she refused steadfastly. At last she *did* find a letter there—"

"My letter?"

"No—a letter from you which said the engagement must cease."

He let her fall from his grasp. The calm of his soul was gone. "My God! to die now, and for Clara never to know the truth."

Terror at the approaching danger overcame all her other feelings. Fascinated, she crawled up to the window of the hovel, and gazed out. She saw, even at the distance, the expression on that countenance which had caused her such horror the night before. In a minute or two more their refuge would be discovered.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Markham, but grant me one prayer. Life to me is more frightful than death. When they come"—she pointed significantly to the revolver. "I never fired a pistol in my life; my own hand might fail me at the last."

He was silent.

"As you hope for salvation hereafter."

"What, take vengeance with my own hand?"

"No, Markham; the act would be the token of your forgiveness. Swear!" she cried, in an agony of supplication, "and then I can pray in peace."

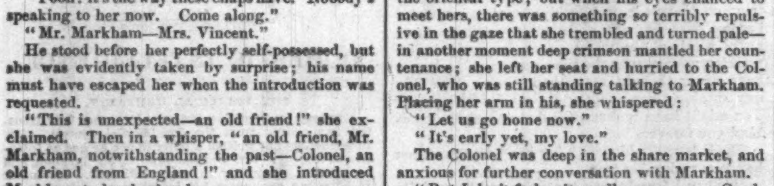
"I swear!" said Markham.

It was a terrible effort, but he conquered in the end; and he spoke the full truth and purpose of his heart when he uttered, in a low, firm tone, "Pauline, I forgive you."

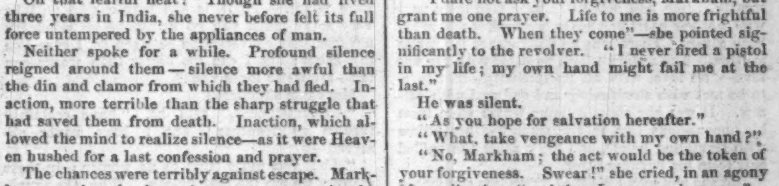
She raised her head for a moment, and pressed his hand to her lips. "Then God will forgive me. I am absolved from my guilt. I can die in peace." She bent her head again in prayer.

Markham had become quite calm again. He carefully examined the loaded barrel: with a firm hand he raised the hammer and gently lowered it, so as to press the cap more securely on the nipple.

And they waited the end in peace.



"NOW, MARKHAM, COME AND BE INTRODUCED."



"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN ME, MARKHAM?"

CHAPTER II.

"You have forgiven me, Markham!"

The coast of England was in sight. From the time they left that hovel, rescued by a body of irregular cavalry, through their slow and dangerous journey down to Calcutta—through all the dull monotony of the long sea voyage—he had never referred to her confession. It was this silence which oppressed her; it would have been so much more endurable to have talked upon the subject. She often tried to lead the conversation up to the point; but he invariably turned it off, and until the present moment she had not found courage to approach it directly.

Yet she knew full well what he felt.

In long watchings beside his bed, through that dangerous fever which he had at Calcutta, she had often heard him, in the intensity of the delirium, cry her sister's name, till the word smote her like a sharp sword. One evening, as she stood before him, he had started up in his bed, and gazing wildly in her face, and clasping her hands with his burning grasp, he had uttered in incoherent words his joy that Clara had come back to him at last.

This was the violent upheaving of nature pouring forth the deep feelings of the heart like molten lava; but with returning strength came proud endurance, beneath which those feelings were hidden away.

She would sit for hours and watch him in his fitful sleep. She knew he must always hate her; yet she liked to feel that he rested in her power as a helpless child. The vital energy was wasted from his face; the strong arm she had clung to in that terrible flight was very weak and purposeless; the hands were nerveless which had freed her from the ruffian's grasp—and yet he looked so noble in his weakness.

What was this feeling at her heart?

Was it conscience prompting her to make the fullest reparation for the past?

She felt that was not the true reply; and then she would start in terror from his bedside. The thought was so fearful. What if Love should be his own avenger?

The principle her needy parents had taught her in her youth—that love was a fiction, marriage a result of worldly calculation—was growing into an utter falsehood. It had all seemed very true when she made the excellent match which had been so cleverly devised for her, and she had lived quite contentedly in the enjoyment of her wealth and worldly position.

Yet surely there remained to her the sorrowful recollection of that brave husband, who died a noble death, which might deliver her from this fatal fascination. She strove to love him dead as she had never dreamed of loving him when living.

Then she forgot his soldier's habit of sternness; forgot that no real sympathy had ever existed between them, and dwelt only on his kind indulgence, which had been bestowed upon her as upon a child, magnifying it to the utmost. Yet, after all, they twain were only parties to a contract—beauty for wealth. She had acted her part faithfully as a wife, but her heart had never been asked and never been given. There was no deliverance for her in all this. The feeling which wrestled with her was love—first love, with all its intensity—first love, to be met with shuddering and endured with sorrow. It was her sister's name which stole from his unconscious lips as she smoothed his pillow with trembling hands, and drew aside the ruffled hair from his burning brow.

But she had saved his life! there was comfort in that. The doctors all said that her careful nursing had availed more than their skill; in truth, they marveled at the way she had, as it were, instinctively felt the slightest changes in his condition. At last they said the sea voyage, at all hazard, was the only hope of saving him. It lightened her heart for the moment to lavish every comfort that money could procure in the fitting up of his cabin. He was carried on board on a couch, too weak to know of the arrangements that had been made.

There was a change for the better from the first day of his being at sea; yet his progress toward recovery was very slow. In the depth of her heart she was glad at this; for the more service she could render, the more the load on her soul was eased; it likewise prolonged her privilege to be near him, for she felt, when he was fully recovered, that the past must be an everlasting bar between them. She felt convinced of this, yet she hoped against her conviction—saddest logic!

He had not entirely recovered his strength: his cheeks were still thin and pale. She knew it was only the golden rose of the setting sun which flushed his face, as he sat near the bulwark, gazing on the last sunset of their voyage. She might justly claim her right of care a little longer; he had no friends near Liverpool. He must remain at her sister's house until his health was quite restored. She was too blind to see that she had no right to take him to her sister's home. It was the only means she possessed of retaining him near her.

"The captain tells me we shall be at Liverpool early to-morrow," said she, addressing him timidly. Then the set words, thought of so long before, escaped her at the moment; she could only add, abruptly,

"You have forgiven me, Markham?"

At her last words he turned from the sunset, and looked earnestly in her face.

"I have forgiven you," he said, compassionately. "I fear your greatest effort will be to forgive yourself."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"I am bound in deep gratitude to you, Pauline, for your devoted care—"

"Not bound to me; you have saved my life!"

"Ay; that was but a chance—quick, thoughtless work. I should have acted in the same way had any one else been in your place."

"But your noble forgiveness—"

He did not appear to heed her words. "You must let me say, Pauline, that I am bound to you in gratitude, and I would do all I could to help you in this sorrow; but I know we can only forgive ourselves when God, in his mercy, allows us the opportunity of repairing the past."

"Markham, I am very rich; set me to any task of doing good."

"I shall only demand one act from you. You will tell your sister."

She was utterly cast down. She had feared he would demand this of her. She could bear for him to know her guilt, but for another to know it—why, the knowledge in his mind that another utterly despised her would inevitably lower her still further in his estimation.

"I ask an act of justice, Pauline."

She was silent.

"An act of justice! Let her know that I was true. It will be my only consolation."

In broken words she prayed him to spare her.

"I am resolved, Pauline—if you are silent I shall speak myself."

She knew the strength of his word.

Then a sense of utter desolation came upon her—she, who had been so careless of all affection, caring only for worldly prosperity—well, that was attained, but she was miserable—there were only two beings on earth she loved—his love, could never be hers—and her sister's love would be lost to her forever.

"Oh, Markham! grant me a respite—let me be happy a little time with her before she hates me—a few days—a week!"

"Be it so! A week," replied Markham; and he turned his face from her toward the long beams of golden cloud which rested on the horizon, through which the sun was sinking into the sea.

"Only a week, Mr. Markham! Must you leave us so soon?"

"You are very good, Mrs. Manson, but the truth is, I ought to have gone directly up to town on my landing."

"Not to begin business yet! I'm certain your health is far from being restored."

"The directors are very pressing to see me; indeed, I received an urgent letter this morning. I think if I am well enough to enjoy myself here I have no right to delay a very obvious duty."

"You will come to us again?"

"Thank you, I can scarcely promise myself that pleasure, my engagements are so very uncertain. I believe, in a short time, when things are rather more settled, I shall have to return to my post in India."

"India! your health is not fit for that. Your friends ought never to allow you."

"It's my livelihood, you must recollect."

There was a pause in the conversation. For a few moments Mrs. Manson bent her head over the work-frame, and appeared to be busily engaged in her work.

"Mr. Markham, I know you will not misunderstand me, but when you talk of leaving us and not coming again, I feel there is something I ought to say—I know I should never forgive myself if I were silent. There is one person who will be very sorry when you go away. Now mind, it's not from any conversation between us, I give you my honor; but I can see better than words can tell—my sister loves you!"

Markham shuddered.

"Circumstances," said he, "have certainly thrown us together; but I have never observed—"

"Ah! you must trust to us women; in these matters we are the best judges. Why, the simple fact of her mentioning your name so seldom in conversation; but, besides this, I can see how much her character has altered since she went away. As a girl, though she had many excellent qualities, she was rather too fond of grandeur and show; for I will be frank with you. But that, I am sure, is all changed. She seems to cling to me for love; she's half-spoiled my boys in this short time. I fear her marriage was not very happy—Colonel Vincent was a kind, good man, but far older—and there must exist a sympathetic feeling, if I may call it so, to render marriage perfectly happy."

Markham's eyes were fixed on the ground, and he heard her voice falter at the last sentence.

"Recollect that she owes her life to you! I know, years ago, when she used to laugh and joke about people being in love, I've said, 'Ah, Pauline, with that fixed purpose of yours, when you really love it will be a matter of intensest joy or sorrow—'"

"Mrs. Manson," said Markham, interrupting her, "this announcement is totally unexpected. Without questioning whether you have rightly interpreted your sister's feelings, it is proper for me to tell you at once that this affection, supposing it to exist, can never be returned."

"The fault will be mine," said Mrs. Manson, sorrowfully.

"Why so?"

"For speaking so prematurely; but what could I do when I found you were going to leave?" She rose from her chair, greatly agitated.

"Edward Markham, I have a right to speak to you: you owe me something. I transfer all that to my sister. If you loved her, I could forgive the past. Maybe it was prudent in you to give up that engagement which seemed so hopeless; but on the night of that fourteenth of June we had sworn to one another to be true, and wait patiently; and yet in three short months!— Well, no matter now. I returned you your letters, all but one."

"You returned me *all* my letters," said Markham, his iron resolution tried to the very verge.

"No, not that last letter; I could not return it then."

By the utmost effort governing her trembling hands, she unlocked her desk and drew out a little packet.

"I read that letter twice, only twice, and then I sealed it up with this black wax. I have never read it since—no need; every word is stamped in my heart. They must have dragged me to the altar but for that."

She forced the packet into his hand.

"There, Edward, I can forgive it all, forget all those words, if you make her happy. I live very happily now—very happily."

Only a few words, and she would know the truth—know that he had been faithful to his pledge; but he stifled the words which were rising to his lips, and clenched his teeth hard.

She stopped him for a moment as he was about to leave the room; she had in some degree recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Markham, I shall never speak on this subject again; but I bid you think well before you throw away a loving heart."

He was tempted more than falls to the common lot of mortals. He must have yielded had the temptation fallen on him unawares; but before he left Calcutta he had resolved to see her once more, and through the long voyage, and in many a restless night, he had weighed the chances of their meeting, and armed himself at all points for resistance.

* * * * * * *

"Markham, have you told her?"

"No, Pauline."

She could not speak for the moment; she could only clasp his hand.

"She is never to be told!"

"This is noble beyond thought! Oh, Markham, I promise you I will strive to the utmost to atone for the past; any thing is easy if I possess her love. But your goodness—I can never repay that."

"Wait a while, Pauline. Weigh my words—she is never to be told."

"Yes, yes, I do weigh them: they seal that forgiveness which was freely given me at the hour of death."

"Pauline, I must have it on your honor that you will never tell her."

"On my honor!" She repeated the words hastily, but she was somewhat perplexed at his meaning, and looking on his face, she saw that same expression, as it were, the very soul flushing the countenance, which she remembered so vividly when she knelt at his feet in the hovel. "Never tell her, Markham?"

"Never!"

"Not if I were at the point of death?"

"Not even at that time. You are bound evermore to silence."

She had passed through the agonizing fear of death; she recollected her troubled prayers; she recollected there was no gleam of hope in her breast till he had forgiven her—then only she had found peace for her soul.

"Oh, Markham, do not bind me to this! Nay, let me speak out now; let me suffer any pain now, so that she forgives me at the end."

She would have left the room; he drew her back.

"I can not free you: it is not to me you are bound. I dare say you went with a feeling of triumph to that grand wedding when your sister became Mrs. Manson. In all probability those awful words of the marriage service made no impression upon you at the time, and most likely you have never thought upon them since: '*Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.*' You might have spoken then, but now those words bind you forever."

She listened to him with her head depressed, her hands covering her face.

"When I found that your sister had been really true to me, my feeling toward her, which was that of utter contempt, turned back to old love, and I resolved to see her once more. Believe in my good faith—only to see her, and part forever. I calculated my strength of will. I thought I was very strong—let no man trust to his strength in such a case! Since I came to this house I have walked through the fire of temptation. Listen well to me, Pauline, and hear how strongly you are bound to silence. I saw that she was not happy; as to *his* love for her—"

"Mr. Manson is very proud of her," interrupted Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes," he replied, bitterly, "and he is *very proud* of his fine horses. If he does not absolutely ill-treat her, she lives utterly without sympathy or affection. I dare not tell you what I have felt; but I tell you my resolution was so utterly weakened, that at one moment it was only the sight of how she clung to those children of hers—how all her happiness was centred there—"

"I understand your meaning, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, proudly. "My sister would, under all circumstances, have recollected her duty."

"It might indeed be as you say. Do you know this letter?"

Breaking the black seals, he placed the false letter in her hand. She gazed at it with a sort of fascination, and, in low tones, said, "I thought it was burned at the time; she told me so. It was not with the other letters she gave me to send back."

"You would have taken care of that," he replied, with a withering glance.

"When did you receive it?"

"An hour ago. Your sister gave it to me, reproaching me for having broken my plighted faith."

"Am I to bring a curse on this house?" she cried in terror, falling at his feet. "God save us from this shame! Oh, Markham, I trusted to your honor when I brought you here."

"You forget, Pauline, that I have already told you she does not know the cruel and shameful history of that letter. We will take it, as you say, at all costs she would have been faithful to her duty; but think of the terrible struggle—think of the long-suffering—if she ever does know the truth. Why should she suffer? She has done no wrong. We are bound to silence in mercy to her. Mark these words, Pauline: the evil and sorrow rest on your head, if you ever break that pledge of silence."

She made him no answer.

"You forgave me once," she murmured.

"God forbid I should retract those words! It is possible to forgive, but it is impossible to absolve you from the consequences of your guilt."

Markham went back to India.

He had displayed great originality and skill in the construction of a certain railway-bridge across a rapid river, under circumstances of great difficulty. In addition to its engineering merits, the bridge happened to form the last link in a trunk line of railway communication which promised to be of the highest value in developing the resources of the country. All classes were deeply interested. There would be a grand ovation to the engineer on the opening of the bridge. The day appointed for the ceremony had arrived.

"Not ready to start, Markham! You'll be late," cried the assistant-engineer.

"I've written to say I can't be there."

"Bless me! it's one of the grandest days in your life."

"The fact is, I've just received a letter from England—"

"Not a loss in your family, I hope?"

"No; but still containing very melancholy intelligence."

"Well, Markham, I think you ought to come, nevertheless; your services demand public recognition."

"You know me, old boy—I don't care two-pence for that sort of thing; and as for the bridge, I've got twice as good a plan in my head at this moment. Let them stick the laurel into your turban. Off with you, or you'll get a wigging for being late."

Markham was alone all that day. The letter he had received lay open before him. It was from a clergyman. The portion he read over oftenest ran thus:

"I was requested to see Mrs. Vincent at a time when no hope was entertained for her recovery. I can assure you I had to perform a very painful duty. She confessed that she had done a grievous wrong to some person still living, but that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, she was bound never to disclose the wrong, lest greater evil should arise. I strove with the best power that was granted me to afford her consolation. Ever since I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent I had had occasion to admire the noble devotedness with which she had labored among the poor of the Lord's flock—abounding greatly in works of piety and charity. I fear, at the last, that her soul rested too much on 'works,' as a means of atoning for past transgressions. It was almost in vain that I enforced upon her the immeasurable value of a 'saving faith' over the best human acts. 'What I have done lately,' she would say, 'I count as nothing; if I could only have repaired the past I should die happy.' That idea of '*doing*,' and the misery of dying unforgiven by the person she had wronged, were the thoughts that rendered her so miserable. Toward the last, when we were alone, she bade me in secrecy write to you, using these words: 'The misery that I suffer now has not been caused by him—it is the inevitable result of my own act. Tell him that I have been true to my pledge—that he has been terribly avenged.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A TELEGRAM from New Orleans states that Sam Houston has retired from the Presidential contest. Mr. Breckinridge has written a letter to say he has no intention of retiring. Mr. Douglas is stumping Virginia, and has spoken eloquently to large audiences. Alexander H. Stephens announces his intention of stumping his State for Douglas: Governor Letcher, of Virginia, has also come out for him in a letter. The Radical Abolitionists met at Syracuse last week and nominated Gerrit Smith for President, and Samuel M'Farland, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President. For Governor they nominated William Goodell, of New York. The New York American State Council met at Schenectady on 28th and split: General Scroggs and one party organizing one meeting, which passed resolutions leaving members free to vote for whom they pleased; while another party, the more numerous, under the leadership of the Union men, indorsed the compromise lately effected at Syracuse. The Douglas State Central Committee met in this city on 30th and appointed Messrs. Benjamin Wood, William D. Kennedy, and F. L. Laflin a committee to endeavor to negotiate a fusion with the other opponents of Lincoln. James T. Brady has accepted the nomination for Governor, and counsels a union of the democracy. The Massachusetts Republican State Convention have nominated John A. Andrew for Governor, and J. G. Goodrich for Lieutenant-Governor. The Republican State Committee has elected Simon Draper Chairman, James Terwilliger Secretary, and G. C. Davidson Treasurer.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' BALL AT WASHINGTON.

The correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "As the Prince of Wales, like any other youth, is fond of dancing, it is pretty much determined that a ball shall be given him in the East Room of the White House. Accordingly that celebrated apartment is being embellished, as are other parts of the Presidential mansion, for the accommodation of the Prince and the distinguished members of his suite. Under the directions of the President and Miss Lane, who, from a residence at European Courts, are acquainted with the courtesies and proprieties pertaining to royalty, things will go along smoothly, save and except as to the persons who may be invited to the ball in the East Room. Here will be a struggle for place, and what between the desire for reasonable exclusiveness and the fear of offending the popular sovereigns, there will be abundant causes for anxious consideration. Much the largest portion of the present crop of beauty in Washington is far from being confined to the first families."

A SLAVE REFUSES HER FREEDOM.

At the Quarter Sessions at Philadelphia, on Tuesday, August 28, Passmore Williamson applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* for the release of Lina Conquest, a colored woman, in the custody of W. J. Conquest, a native of Virginia, and now a resident of that city. After a hearing, the case was concluded by Lina's positive refusal of freedom, and her voluntary return to slavery.

MARTIN THE WHERRY-MAN.

We read in the *Tribune*: "Mr. Martin, who rowed a wherry from Boston to New York, and eats no meat, departed on Thursday afternoon. He was to pull his wherry up the Hudson as far as Yonkers the same night, favored and charmed with the light of the full moon. The light would enable him to see to advantage the scenery, which he would like to see, his love of the works of nature being only equaled by his fondness of berries. Leisurely threading the beautiful stream—now resting on his oars to nibble a whortleberry, now to be lost in contemplation of the grandeur of a mountain, and anon shoring his bark to shake hands with Joshua Ward, the champion scull, at Newburgh, and with other aquatic and vegetarian folk to whom he has letters of introduction at

other places by the way—this excellent boatman will at last stop at Albany. From Albany the wherry will be sent, out of its element, to Boston, the city of its master, which will receive her favorite son by the same expeditious route."

A YOUNG GIRL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

We read in the Rochester *Union* of August 28: "At 11½ o'clock yesterday forenoon the little daughter of B. D. Davis, of this city, whose familiarity with a snake has been frequently noticed, died at the residence of her parents, on Centre Street. The facts connected with her case we shall state, and leave the public to draw their own inference. A few weeks since, when Mr. Davis resided on Monroe Street, in the outskirts of the city, near a nursery where he was employed, this little daughter—less than two years old—was accustomed to go into the yard or field and play with a snake. How long these meetings had been held before the discovery by the mother is not known. At all events, the mother one day found the child with the snake in its arms, and the little girl was fondling it and calling it her baby. Subsequently the snake was seen in the yard, and would run to the child whenever she was permitted to go out. The child lost its appetite and pined away, and constantly talked and thought of this reptile. Her mother took her darling to the city to divert her mind from the hideous object, but in vain. Under the advice of a physician who was called, the snake was not destroyed, and continued his visits to the premises at will, retreating to the field when any one but the child appeared. At length Mr. Davis moved into the city and took a house on Centre Street, hoping that the change would be advantageous to his child; and for a time she improved in health and took her food. Two weeks ago last Friday the child was taken ill, and continued to sink until yesterday, when she died. She was subject to convulsions or spasms, which were very violent, and at no time could she take food and retain it in her stomach. Her mother informs our reporter that she was attended by Dr. Fleming, who treated the child on the electrical principle, and she says that he found it a difficult case to treat, and expressed the belief that the snake had taken the electricity from the system of the child. On the day following the Friday on which the child was taken so seriously ill a Mrs. Devins, who occupies the house on Monroe Street vacated by Mr. Davis, called at the house he now occupies, and stated that a German named Conrad Keuchenbach had killed the snake which had troubled the child, on the day previous—the Friday on which she was taken ill. The mother says that when the little girl heard the statement, she said, 'Mamma, is baby dead?' and soon became worse. There is not much doubt about the statement made, as far as the facts are concerned. The conclusions and inferences are quite another thing. The snake killed by Keuchenbach was about three feet long, and was doubtless the same seen by Mrs. Davis and her family repeatedly with her daughter. Its being killed at the time the child became ill may have been a coincidence—probably was. The child was two years and one month old when it died, and it was a very bright and interesting little girl. To what extent it was under the fascinating influence of the reptile we can not say. We only give such facts as we have been able to gather."

SARATOGA GAMBLERS.

A Saratoga correspondent of the Troy *Times* says that two Boston men are the largest winners of the gambling season at the favorite watering-place referred to. One of them is a man nearly sixty years of age, who formerly kept a hotel in Albany, and failing in the business, in a moment of desperation, at the age of forty, took up the profession of a gambler. Fortune seemed to attend him from the first, and he is now estimated to be worth $200,000—all of which he has gained at hazard. He has his servants in livery at the Springs, his fast horses, carriages, and to one unacquainted with his profession, he appears a wealthy man of the world, polished and refined in his manners, and a gentleman of abundant means, who has come to recruit his health by a morning draught at the Congress, or a drive upon the avenue. He is reckoned to be the smartest and most lucky gambler in the country. Few would imagine that he is other than what he seems; yet he is only a type of a large class of persons who annually assemble at Saratoga and pass for persons of the highest respectability.

PERSONAL.

The President met with a most enthusiastic reception at Cumberland, Maryland, on 28th ult., on his arrival from Bedford Springs. He addressed a large audience from the balcony of the Revere House, and his remarks were listened to with the greatest interest and satisfaction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CROP FAILURE.

THE *European Times* of the 18th inst. says: "The fears about the harvest are every day becoming worse. The accounts from Ireland are desponding, and the potato disease in many districts is deepening in virulence. The same cold damp weather which has so long prevailed on this side of the Channel appears to have been pretty general in the sister country. Strange to say, Scotland is the part of the United Kingdom where the prospect is most cheering. There they actually complain of a deficiency of moisture. A friend of ours, in coming from London a day or two back through the Trent Valley, found the whole country for forty or fifty miles under water. It appeared like one vast lake, and the tops of the cereal crops were alone visible. Such a state of things in the middle of August is almost unprecedented. Still it would appear, from the state of the corn-markets, that this is exceptional, for the account from the more southern and western districts are comparatively favorable. No doubt the corn-market is considerably influenced by the arrivals which are daily coming in, but that we shall have to import largely can scarcely admit of a doubt."

FRANCE.

THE FIRE AT THE PALACE.

A Paris letter says: "I can give you some details of the fire in the Emperor's quarters—an accident which, no doubt, rumor will exaggerate. The fire commenced in the pavilion, which on one side touches the residence of the Emperor, and on the other that of the Prince Imperial. The room in which the conflagration took place was occupied by the women in the service of the Prince, and was occasioned by a flue being too near some woodwork. At the first cries of alarm the Emperor hastened to the Prince's room and carried him to his own apartment, his Imperial Highness not being even awakened. The fire was happily extinguished in time to prevent it from reaching the adjacent constructions, which are in wood. The Emperor at once distributed recompenses to the men who exerted themselves in putting out the flames. Part of the wardrobe of the Prince was destroyed, and this morning he had only one pair of bottines left. The gouvernante and the female servants have lost the greater part of their clothing."

A LETTER FROM ABD-EL-KADER.

Some of the journals say that Abd-el-Kader has written a letter to the Emperor, thanking him for the high distinction just conferred on him; but stating that what he did in Syria was only the payment of the debt he owed his Majesty for having, eleven years ago, released him from confinement in France.

A LADY IN A MONASTERY.

A letter from Paris says: "A tourist, just arrived from the Grand Chartreuse, tells me that last Thursday week the monks were horribly scandalized by the fact of a lady having, contrary to all regulations, obtained admission to the monastery, and passed the night therein. The fair intruder, an inhabitant of Valence, dressed herself in men's clothes, and passed in with a party of gentlemen. In the morning she recorded the triumph of her curiosity by carving her name and address in the door of the cell in which she slept. The Duchess de Berry was the heroine of a similar adventure some years ago, but there has been no instance of the kind since."

GERMANY.

THE ROYAL INTERVIEW AT TOPLITZ.

Le Nord states that nothing was signed at the interview at Toplitz, but the engagements entered into were consigned, at the solicitation of the Emperor of Austria, to a protocol drawn up since the meeting. The Prince Regent and the Emperor of Austria undertake to hold firmly together on the Eastern question, on the ground of the treaty of Paris; to prevent, especially, every thing that affects the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and to confer on this subject with the Cabinet of London.

In the home question of Germany, Austria has made some important concessions, particularly in the military question. She engages, moreover, to make no opposition to the liberal reforms identified with the Prussian policy in the internal affairs of Germany.

With regard to Italian affairs, the Prince of Prussia recognizes that the possession of Venetia is of real importance to the Austrian empire; but he declines all engagements on this head as long as the Italian movement is restricted to the Italians themselves. If, on the other hand, a foreign Power takes part in it, the Prince Regent undertakes to lend Austria the support of the Prussian forces.

Lastly, the Prince Regent undertakes to employ all his good offices and personal influence with the Emperor Alexander to bring about a reconciliation between Russia and Austria.

CATHOLIC BIGOTRY.

The Minister of War in Austria had just ordered that Protestant soldiers shall only be interred in cemeteries in a part separated from the Catholic portion by a hedge or inclosure. Some of the Austrian journals complain of the measure as being exceedingly illiberal, and only called forth by the requirements of the Concordat.

ITALY.

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

At latest dates we hear that large bodies of revolutionists had landed in Calabria, where they had been joined by insurgents to the number of two thousand, with whom they had retired temporarily to the mountains. Two companies of Neapolitan dragoons were reported to have gone over to Garibaldi, whose forces on the main land must by this time amount to quite a formidable army. Meantime preparations for the defense of Naples continued, though there is little doubt that the city will be captured with comparatively little trouble, on account of general disaffection against the Government.

"TURIN, *Friday, August* 17, 1860.—The *Opinione* publishes a dispatch, dated Naples, August 16, stating that the news of Garibaldi's disembarkation in Calabria was unfounded. Up to the 11th instant only several inconsiderable disembarkations had taken place at different points."

"PARIS, *Friday, August* 17, 1860.—The *Patrie* of this evening contains the following dispatch, dated Naples, the 16th inst.: 'Tranquillity prevails in the city. Garibaldi is still reconnoitring off the Neapolitan Limoral. Tranquillity still prevails in Calabria and the Abruzzia.'"

THE NEW IMBROGLIO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Neapolitan Government, having failed to obtain the intervention of France or England, has concentrated forty thousand troops in Calabria, and put Naples on the defensive. An alliance offensive and defensive has been concluded between Rome and Naples, and the troops of General Lamoricière will co-operate with those of Francis II. This will, of course, enable Garibaldi to pursue his advantages, should he gain any, beyond the territory of Naples, and give cause for Piedmont to battle with him. M. de Cavour has formally announced that Sardinia would interfere in case Rome aided Naples. This forms, as it is, a nice imbroglio; but, to add to the alarm felt, is the fact that Austria will assume the offensive, according to all appearances, as soon as Naples is attacked. Her preparations in Venetia have become so gigantic that it is evident she can but intend at all risks to open anew an Italian campaign."

Per contra, a later dispatch states that Austria has never intimated any intention of interfering in Naples.

GARIBALDI'S POPULARITY AT NAPLES.

It would appear that Garibaldi's popularity in Naples is matter of full and open manifestation. A correspondent writes: "I can not describe the enthusiasm which the name of the Dictator awakens here in Naples. His portraits are at every street corner; hymns in his honor in every shop-window; busts, pocket-handkerchiefs, biographies, all declare the national sentiment, so much so that he eclipses Victor Emanuel as much as the Madonna does the Creator of all things. In the capital we have a garrison of 12,000 men. In the Calabrias, I am informed, there are from 30,000 to 40,000 men in arms; and from letters received yesterday from the camp of Garibaldi a fierce struggle is expected in the provinces, where there is an active reactionary party, though small in proportion to those who are praying for the arrival of the Dictator as the only mode of driving away the reigning family, and of establishing order and securing repose. Vessels are continually leaving with provisions and ammunition for the troops."

THE POPE'S TROOPS TO BE ALLOWED TO SACK TOWNS.

The *Opinione Nationale* publishes, authentically, a statement of three subalterns of the first foreign battalion of the Holy See, declaring that their superior officers have advised them not to desert, promising *that on the slightest rising of the population which might occur at Perugia they would allow them to sack the town.*

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM DAMASCUS.

Advices from Damascus to the 5th ult. state that Fuad Pacha had surrounded the Lebanon with troops, and threatened fire and sword if the Druse Sheiks did not surrender in two days. Twenty had already been taken, and nearly 800 other important arrests had been made. A thousand camel loads of plundered property had been recovered.

A BRIGHT EXCEPTION.

"In the whole war," writes Mr. Graham to Lord Dufferin, "there has been, perhaps, but one bright exception to the barbarity which has pervaded these wholesale murders. The sister of the great Druse chief, before the massacre began, advised the Christians not to go to the serai. She most probably knew what awaited them, and offered to shelter any who came into her house. Unfortunately the greater number distrusted her, but 400 creatures crowded into her house; and when the murderers, panting for more blood, demanded of her to give up the dogs of Christians, she said, 'Enter, if you dare, and take them.' Even in such a moment the Druses would not have dared to violate the sanctity of the harem of one of their great princes, and with muttered curses retired. The poor creatures she carefully escorted herself to Mohktarah, whence they were dispatched to Sidon, and brought off by our men-of-war and landed at Beyrout."

BEHAVIOR OF THE TURKISH OFFICERS.

An eye-witness writes: "At Damascus the riot began with a mob of less than 400 people, many of whom were boys and women. The Governor, Achmed Pacha (now on his way to the Bosphorus and 'Kief'), had 800 regular and 2000 irregular troops; 150 regulars were at first called out; they fired once, and the mob dispersed in every direction, leaving their plunder on the ground. The soldiers were then withdrawn into the castle, the mob took fresh courage, the Pacha did nothing, and the revolt went on. Even on the third day Abd-el-Kader went to the Pacha and offered to disperse the mob if he (Achmed Pacha) would give him 400 soldiers. What was the answer of the Pacha? Mark it well. 'I have no order to fire on the Moslems.'"

MEXICO.

INTERVENTION OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The New York *Times* says: "We have the best authority for stating that the Mexican question is on the point of being peremptorily settled by a decisive intervention of four of the Great Powers most deeply interested in the restoration of order throughout the dominions of our distracted neighbor. France, England, Spain, and Prussia have signed a convention for the pacification of Mexico, to which they invite the adhesion of the United States, but which they propose to carry into effect without that adhesion should the United States refuse it.

"The bases of toleration for all religious opinions, and of a modified establishment for the Roman Catholic Church, are understood to have been already accepted by the Constitutionalists under Juarez on the one part, and by the Clerical party under Miramon on the other. An armistice of twelve months' duration is to be declared between the respective leaders, and during this period those portions of Mexico occupied by each are to be held without dispute by the actual occupants, joint action being taken to secure the carrying on of the necessary business of the public administration and the maintenance of order. At a time to be hereafter fixed, the people of Mexico are to be called upon to elect between the principles represented by the two factions, and the respective leaders pledge themselves to resign all their authority and arms into the hands of the Government thus designated under the sanction of the intervening Powers."

AFRICA.

A NUT FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.

The following extract is from the West African *Herald* of August 13:

"His Majesty Baddahung, King of Dahomey, is about to make the 'grand custom' in honor of the late King Gezo. Determined to surpass all former monarchs in the magnitude of the ceremonies to be performed on this occasion, Baddahung has made the most extensive preparations for the celebration of the 'grand custom.' 'A great pit' has been dug, which is to contain human blood enough to float a canoe. Two thousand persons will be sacrificed on this occasion. The expedition to Abbeokuta has been postponed, but the King has sent his army to make some excursions at the expense of weaker tribes, and has succeeded in capturing many unfortunate creatures. The young people among these prisoners will be sold into slavery, and the old persons will be killed at the 'grand custom.'"

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, August 25, the Prince of Wales inaugurated the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, of which we gave a picture in a recent number. He seemed much annoyed by the crowds which followed him as he inspected the works. He attended a banquet after the inauguration, and gave the toast of the "Governor-General and the Grand Trunk." There was an illumination in the evening, which the Prince saw *incognito*. On Sunday he went to church, and heard a sermon from Bishop Fulford. On Monday morning he witnessed the Indian games; after which he held a levée at the Court House, and received every body. About one hundred Americans were presented. After the levée he went to his residence and lunched; the New York Committee were his guests at the meal. The city was again illuminated in the evening, and a grand ball was given in his honor, in the building of which we lately published an engraving. It is said to have cost $46,000, and to have been the finest entertainment of the kind ever given in this country. On Tuesday the Prince went by railroad to the Long Sault, and returned to Montreal by boat, passing over the Rapids. In the evening he attended a grand musical festival, at which some 8000 persons were present. On Wednesday he reviewed 1500 volunteers; then crossed to St. Helen's Island in a canoe, learned to use a paddle, and lunched with Sir Fenwick Williams, at whose house he fell asleep at the table. He was serenaded in the evening by the band of the Boston Fusiliers. On Thursday he visited St. Hyacinth, Richmond, and Sherbrooke, receiving addresses and manifestations of welcome every where. In the evening he attended the people's ball at Montreal. On Friday morning he left for Ottawa.

On Saturday the Prince of Wales laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament Buildings to be erected at Ottawa. The weather was fine, and the crowd was very large and enthusiastic. He subsequently held a grand *levée*.

THE BALL AT MONTREAL.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

"The ball in honor of the Prince on Monday evening was a grand affair, and has perhaps never been equaled in any point except the costliness of the ladies' dresses. The night was dark and rainy, and every carriage in the city was in requisition to convey fair ladies and full-dressed gentlemen to the ball-room, which is about two miles from the principal hotels.

"The ball came off in a splendid building, specially erected by private enterprise within eight weeks. It is circular, of three hundred feet diameter, and lighted by two thousand gas lamps, arranged in concentric circles round the orchestra in the centre, with galleries all round, under which were placed refreshment and dressing rooms.

"The gardens around the room were illuminated with colored lanterns, hung in the trees, and the large fountain splashed its waters musically upon the surface of the mimic lake, which had been constructed near the principal entrance.

"The arrangements for entering and leaving the building were all that could be desired, and the dressing-rooms were large, well fitted, and attended by the soldiers of the Royal Canadian Rifles, who performed their duties with military precision and decorum. Inside, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. Seven thousand people in vari-colored dresses moved to and fro beneath the richly-painted ceiling, while three immense circles of gas jets, completely surrounding the building, out-rivaled the blaze of a dozen suns. The kaleidoscope changing of colors, as the dancers swayed with the music; the fine effect of so large a space comprised in one view; the galleries framing the picture with rich hues of flags and dresses, made the scene look more like a dream of fairy land than any thing real.

"The ball surpassed that of the Japanese in New York, not only in its being given in one large room instead of in several smaller ones, but also in the fact that, although so large a number of persons were present, there was no crush or confusion, no Boole in shirt-sleeves yelling his directions, or darkeys towering immensely and blocking up the passage-ways they attempted to open; but all was perfect order, and every one had ample space to trip the light fantastic at pleasure."

THE ADDRESS OF THE NEW YORK COMMITTEE.

On 28th, Ex-Governor King, Chairman of the Committee, read the following address to the Prince: May it please your Royal Highness, on behalf of the citizens of New York, we have the honor to request your acceptance of a ball upon the occasion of your visit to our city, at such time as may suit your convenience. We hope that in view of the deep and universal admiration felt throughout our land for the public and private virtues of your royal mother, and of the high respect entertained for yourself as the heir to the throne of a great country—united to our own by so many ties of history, language, consanguinity, and communion of interests and principles—you will accept the invitation which we respectfully tender to you.

JOHN A. KING, *Chairman*,
HAMILTON FISH,
JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JUN.,
ROBERT B. MINTURN,
WILSON G. HUNT,
ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY,
M. B. FIELD, *Secretary*.

The address was beautifully engrossed upon parchment, and handed to the Prince, who, rising, made, in *extempore*, the following reply:

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you very much for your invitation to the ball, and accept it with great pleasure. For any details I must refer you to Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle, who will be most happy to confer with you.

THE PRINCE SINGS NEGRO SONGS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "During their passage in the *Kingston* from Quebec, the Prince's party enjoyed themselves wonderfully. They sat up till twelve, singing French songs and negro melodies, such as 'Carry me back to Old Virginny!' In private the party is very affable; they address each other, 'Sir,' and not by titles.

HE SEES STARVATION IN THE FACE.

"On arriving at Montreal the Prince determined to stay on board all night. The indefatigable Sanderson, however, discovered that he had no provisions for dinner. Just as the boat touched the dock Sanderson landed, fought his way through the crowd and employed police forces to find Clerk's market; they had no keys, but got ladders and scaled two-story windows and found provisions, and dinner was prepared. The Prince laughed heartily at the prospect of starvation."

HE DANCES TWENTY-TWO DANCES, BUT DROPS HIS PARTNERS.

The Prince opened the ball at Montreal with the Hon. Mrs. Young. He danced in all but the last dance, each time taking a different partner.

Next day all the conversation of the city was about the ball, and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the Prince's treatment of his partners. Having used them for the purposes of the dance, he turns his back and leaves them to find their parents or guardians as best they can.

HE BLUSHES.

At the ball a large circle of eager lookers-on surrounded the Prince, who at first appeared annoyed at this perpetual observation, and blushed deeply, but afterward became all gayety and animation. He inspected the room, and was followed about *à la* Japanese.

HE DANCES WITH AN AMERICAN.

For the first time the Prince danced with the daughter of an American at the grand ball. The fortunate lady was the daughter of Consul-General Moor.

HE LETS THE MIDDY SQUEEZE HIS HAND.

The little English middy was very quiet until the latter part of the ball, but was as lively as usual at its close, and appeared with a gigantic damsel, who overtopped him by several feet. He caused much amusement by squeezing the Prince's hand, and pulling those of the ladies, irrespective of rank and title, during the dance. The ladies enlivened the scene by appearing in their jaunty scarlet opera-cloaks during the promenade.

HE HEARS A SERMON.

When he went to church, the house was crowded. No one could obtain admittance except by ticket. There was great excitement. It was truly a strange sight to see crowds around the church, with long trains of nuns on their way to the Catholic service. The metropolitan bishop, Fulford, preached the sermon, and alluded to the Prince in his prayer. His text was in the ninth chapter of First Corinthians, twenty-fifth verse: "And every man that strives for the mastery is temperate in all things; now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." Several other bishops were present, and took part in the services.

HE FALLS ASLEEP.

At the table at Sir F. Williams's it was suddenly discovered that the Prince, exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the last few days, had fallen asleep. A great debate ensued as to who should awake him, but it was finally determined to let him sleep fifteen minutes. Before that time he awoke, and the incident furnished a topic for laughter during the excursion.

The Prince is so exhausted by fatigue that he not only slept at the table, but fell asleep on horseback during the volunteer review. One day's rest would be the best entertainment that could be afforded him.

HE REVERSES AN OLD COURT-MARTIAL.

At Sherbrooke, on 30th, the Prince restored to his position, in a very kindly manner, an old man named Felton, who had been signal midshipman under Nelson, and who fought at Copenhagen, and was turned out of his rank in 1809 by a prejudiced court-martial.

HOW HE DRESSES.

At the grand Concert he was dressed in black, with a blue vest, and wore gold buttons, diamond studs, and a white neckcloth.

At the Indian games he was dressed in a blue frock coat, light vest and pants, and wore a black beaver. His suite were also in plain clothes, St. Germain in black, and the Duke of Newcastle in light dress, with a white hat.

At church he was dressed in black frock coat and light pants and vest.

At the ball he was dressed as a Colonel in the British army.

HIS HABITS ARE SIMPLE.

The Prince's cabin on board the *Hero* is still a great curiosity. Little is to be seen, however, for such is the simplicity of the habits of the young Prince that a neat hammock and a small dressing-table constituted his entire furniture.

HE READS THE PAPERS REGULARLY.

The Attorney-General has orders from the Duke of Newcastle to procure three copies daily of each newspaper represented at Montreal, to transmit to the Queen. The Prince reads the New York papers regularly, and laughs at the remarks about him.

WHERE WILL HE STAY IN NEW YORK?

It was not settled where he will stay, but probably at one of the large hotels, like the St. Nicholas, as he prefers paying his own bills. He wants no special trains or displays, but desires to see American life as it is.

WHY HE PREFERS A BALL TO A DINNER.

The reasons why the proposed dinner was changed to a ball are that the Prince, being a young man, can not make a speech, and it is not etiquette for any one to speak for him. Of course dinner is nothing without a speech. Besides, more persons can be accommodated at a ball than dinner.

THAT UNLUCKY FALL.

When the Prince fell, as mentioned in our last, it was the lady who assisted him to rise, instead of his raising her. At the conclusion of the dance, which he continued as if nothing had happened, he remarked to his favorite little middy that he had had a "great spill." It was pique at this accident as much as any thing else, probably, which kept the Prince at the ball so late and made him dance so often, as if to show his subjects that it was not often such mishaps occurred. The accident was caused, more than any thing else, by the Prince's habit of flinging his limbs around as he waltzes, in the latest London style, which, like the latest style of London generally, is any thing but pleasant to behold. The heroine of the story was Miss Justine Sewell, of Quebec.

AN UNLUCKY MAYOR.

The Prince took his place upon a dais, with his suite in a semicircle around, and Mayor Rodier advanced in a robe of scarlet, trimmed with otter, and a long sword, which tripped him as he walked. He expects to be knighted, and every moment seemed ready to drop upon his knees and receive the tap of the royal sword. Finding no chance of this, he unfurled a parchment and read, in English and French, a long address.

ODDS AND ENDS.

During the reception Mr. Crawford, the British Consul, had his pocket-book stolen, but the thief returned the book and a draft for one hundred dollars. The rest of the money is expected by next mail.

Lady Franklin was present at the ball, the observed of all; and little Patti, with Miss Crawford, the daughter of the British Consul at Cuba, divided the honors with her, and were the belles of the evening. All of the army and navy officers appeared in full uniform.

Lady Franklin gave a dinner party at Montreal, last week, to which many Americans, including Strakosch and Patti, were invited.

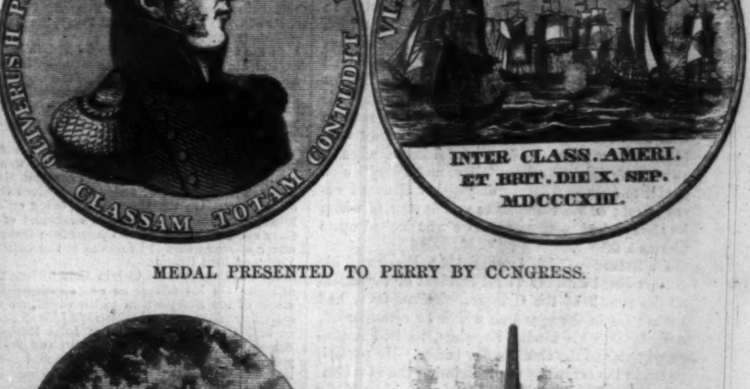
STATUE OF COMMODORE OLIVER H. PERRY, TO BE INAUGURATED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1860.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

FOUR SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

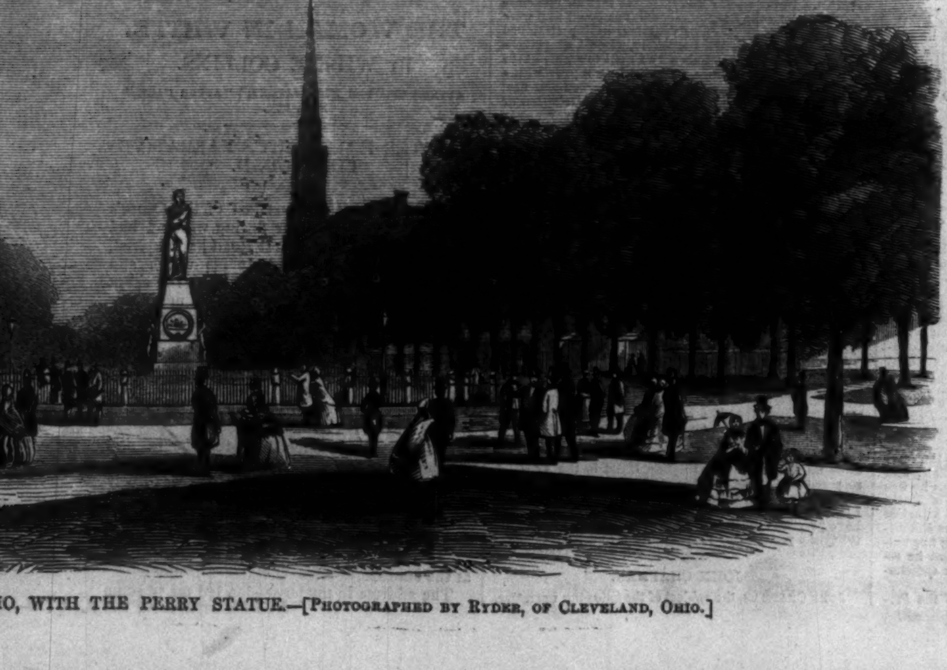
PUBLIC SQUARE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO,

RIE.—[Photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.]

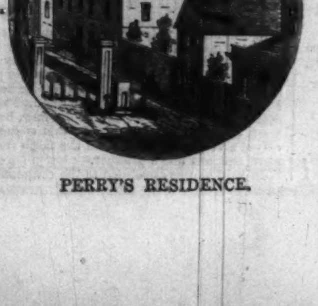
We have met the enemy and they are ours.
Yours, with respect and esteem
O. H. Perry.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO PERRY BY CONGRESS.



O, WITH THE PERRY STATUE.—[Photographed by Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.]



PERRY'S RESIDENCE.

PERRY'S MONUMENT.

THE PERRY CELEBRATION AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the Perry Celebration at Cleveland, on 10th inst. We publish on the two preceding pages a portrait of Perry, a picture of his monument, another of the site where it will stand, several pictures commemorative of his career, and four portraits of survivors of the battle of Lake Erie.

PERRY.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY was born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on 23d August, 1785. His family had been American for six generations. His father, Captain Christopher R. Perry, was a distinguished sailor in the Revolutionary war, and experienced the horrors of the Jersey prison-ships. Thus inheriting a love for the sea, Oliver embarked as a midshipman on board the *General Greene*, a man-of-war commanded by his father, in April, 1799; was present at the attack on Jacmel; and subsequently, when the expedition against the Algerine pirates was dispatched, served at first as a midshipman on board the *John Adams*, and subsequently as a lieutenant under Captain Campbell, in the *Constellation*. His boyhood was thus actively employed. When, in 1806, he returned to Newport he was a capital sailor, and, according to the uniform testimony of his companions, an agreeable, warm-hearted, and accomplished gentleman. Fond of ladies' society, of gayety, of fast horses, he was nevertheless a strict disciplinarian, and worked his ship, they say, like an iron machine.

From 1806 till the outbreak of the war of 1812 Perry was employed in building gun-boats and coast duty; it was a cruel mortification to him not to be on active service when hostilities really commenced. No one had felt more keenly than he the outrageous nature of the pretensions of the British. On one occasion he was nearly boarding a British frigate, of four times the size of his craft, to resent one of the insults which were customary at the time. Still, no spark of envy at the better fortune of his comrades found room in his heart. When Morris, the lieutenant of the *Constitution*, was promoted to a post-captaincy for the capture of the *Guerrière*, and all the officers in the service were furious at what they deemed an injustice, Perry hastened to the bedside of this wounded officer, and congratulated him with a fervor which brought the tears into Morris's eyes.

His reiterated appeals to be employed "where he could meet the enemies of his country" obtained for him at last, in February, 1813, orders to proceed to Sackett's Harbor, and build a naval force that could contend with the enemy for the command of the lakes. It was in those days a serious journey to travel from Rhode Island to the lakes in winter, and the lake shores themselves were described as being practically further from New York than Canada was from England. Yet such energy was his, that by May three gun-boats and two brigs were launched; and on the 23d of the same month Perry sailed one hundred miles in an open boat, through rain and storm, to take the command of the naval force at the attack on Fort George, and by his judicious arrangements and heroic valor contributed largely to the success of the day. He was "every where, under showers of musketry, but escaped unhurt."

Of the battle of Lake Erie we speak below. Shortly afterward Commodore Perry served as an aid to General Harrison in the pursuit of the British, and at the battle of the Thames "cheered and animated every breast." His return homeward was, of course, one continued ovation. Cities presented addresses; balls were given in his honor; Congress presented him the medal engraved on the previous page; all classes vied with each other in doing him honor. His satisfaction at this merited reward of his conduct was, however, speedily marred by the death of his infant son, who was born while he was on Lake Erie. His letters show that all his glory could not heal the wound in his heart.

The remainder of his life, though interesting, is not of historic importance. Appointed to the *Java*, he saw peace concluded before she was ready for sea, and in the Mediterranean he was likewise disappointed in his hope for a brush with the Algerines. He had to encounter the usual troubles of successful officers. A dispute with Captain Elliot, whom he charged with misconduct at Erie, caused him several years of annoyance; and a quarrel with Captain Heath of the marines, in which "passion overcame him," and he struck Captain Heath, led, after a long and acrimonious correspondence, to a duel, in which Perry received but would not return his opponent's fire. But let these matters rest. It is pleasanter to think of his gallant rescue of a crew of shipwrecked seamen who were stranded on the Rhode Island coast on a bleak winter night; of his cheerful home, where a sweet wife dispensed hospitality, and Perry's own genial temper and lively disposition charmed every guest; of his kindness to young men, of whom he always had a score or more who looked up to him as a father.

On Saturday, 14th August, 1819, Perry and his officers dined with the Vice-President of Venezuela at the mouth of the Orinoco. Yellow fever had broken out in the squadron which he commanded, and, true to his kindly impulses, he had imprudently visited the sick the day before. He participated in the ceremony of proclaiming the new Constitution of Venezuela, and exposed himself for several hours to a very hot sun. On Sunday he was indisposed; on Monday morning he awoke with a cold chill; on Monday following, 23d August, his birth-day, he died of yellow fever. He was but thirty-four years old.

There are few among our heroes who have left so noble a memory; none united to the highest public qualities a kinder heart, a more genial temper, or a more chivalric disposition.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

At sunrise on the morning of 10th September, the British fleet—consisting of the *Chippeway*, 1 gun; the *Detroit*, 19; the *Hunter*, 10; the *Queen Charlotte*, 17; the *Lady Prevost*, 13; the *Little Belt*, 3—was seen standing in toward Put-in-Bay, where Perry's squadron was lying. He commanded the *Scorpion*, 2; the *Ariel*, 4; the *Lawrence*, 20; the *Caledonia*, 3; the *Niagara*, 20; the *Somers*, 2; the *Porcupine*, 1; the *Tigress*, 1; and the *Trippe*, 1: total, 54 guns and 490 men against 63 guns and 502 men on the British side. The British commander was a gallant officer, by name Barclay, who had served under Nelson, and been wounded at Trafalgar. Perry had for some time endeavored to engage him; but he had succeeded in evading a battle until he was joined by the *Detroit*, a new ship, and one of the finest in his squadron.

At ten o'clock on that 10th September, the enemy being six miles distant, Perry drew forth from a wrapper a blue flag lettered in white with the words, "Don't give up the ship," and shouted, "My lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence: shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, Sir!" was the prompt reply, and up went the flag on the *Lawrence*. An hour or more afterward, at a quarter to twelve, the first gun, from the *Detroit*, boomed out, and in ten minutes the action began. The *Lawrence* sailed down slowly toward the enemy, supported by the smaller vessels of the squadron; for twenty minutes or more she was the target for a battery of thirty-four guns, to which she was almost unable to make any reply. The *Niagara*, which should have followed her close, was almost out of range; the enemy did not care to waste shot on the smaller craft; the *Lawrence* bore the whole brunt of the fight. When she did not get her battery into play, she had less than one gun to each three of the enemy's; and by two P.M. her rigging and masts were so cut to pieces that she was unmanageable, there was but one gun fit for service, the bulwarks were shot away, and out of 100 men on duty only 18 were alive and unwounded. The carnage was so terrible that at last the purser, chaplain, and Perry, were the only men who served the last gun. This, too, was soon disabled, and at half past two it became evident that the *Lawrence* could do no more.

Looking hastily round through the smoke, Perry discovered the *Niagara* apparently bearing away out of the battle. Hastily jumping into a boat, he bade the crew pull him on board that brig. The passage was one of no common peril. Quickly detected by the enemy, every sharpshooter chose the boat for a target. The oarsmen were splashed every few seconds with the spray thrown up by roundshot and grape; it seemed impossible that Perry, who stood erect in the boat, should reach the *Niagara* alive. He did so, however; and hastily dispatching Captain Elliot to bring up the gunboats from the rear, he took the command, bore straight down upon the *Detroit*, and, reserving his fire till he was within half pistol-shot, poured a broadside into her which settled the fortune of the day. Another broadside was fired at the *Queen Charlotte*, which almost crippled her, and the smaller boats coming up at the same time in support of the *Niagara*, the British ships ceased their fire and struck their flags—in just ten minutes after the first broadside from the *Niagara*.

Such was the battle of Lake Erie—a memorable event in our history, and one which should not be degraded by any petty controversies as to the respective shares of the subordinate officers in the glory of the day. Perry was the man who won the victory; that suffices.

We can not forbear reprinting here that memorable dispatch to General Harrison which every school-boy knows by heart—it is so characteristic of Perry:

"DEAR GENERAL,—We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. PERRY."

THE SURVIVORS.

We subjoin brief biographical sketches of four survivors of the battle—Captain Stephen Champlin, Dr. Usher Parsons, Dr. Nathaniel Eastman, and Mr. John Chapman, who fought on the British side.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN CHAMPLIN, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN CHAMPLIN was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the 17th November, 1789, of very respectable parents. His father, Stephen Champlin, was a native of the same State, and had formerly served as a volunteer in the American Revolution. His mother was Elizabeth Perry, daughter of Freeman Perry, Esq., and sister of Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of Commodore O. H. Perry.

At the age of sixteen his great desire to become a sailor, and his natural aversion to farming, induced him to leave his paternal roof, and adopt the seaman's life as a profession; which profession he successfully followed, passing through all the grades, until, after a lapse of six years, he found himself in command of a ship out of Norwich.

At this period, on the 22d May, 1812, war about being declared against Great Britain, he was appointed sailing-master in the navy by President Madison, and commanded a gun-boat, under Commodore O. H. Perry, at Newport. On the Commodore being ordered to the lakes, he accompanied him, in command of a draft of forty men, and reported to Commodore Isaac Chauncey, under whose command he served at the battles of Little York and Fort George.

He was then ordered to join Commodore O. H. Perry at Erie. On his arrival he was appointed to the command of the *Scorpion*, in which vessel, as will be perceived by reference to Mackenzie's Life of Perry, he took an active part in the battle of Lake Erie, on the 10th September, 1813; leading the van and firing the first gun by the order of the Commodore, and the last while in the pursuit of the *Little Belt*, which vessel he was enabled to capture and bring back to the squadron, at about ten o'clock the same night. For his gallantry in this action he was presented by Congress with a sword.

Subsequently to this he was, by Commodore Elliott, placed in command of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*, the two prize ships that were left in Put-in-Bay during the winter.

In the spring following he was appointed to the command of the *Tigris*, under Commodore Sinclair, and served under him during the summer, by whom he was left with Captain Turner to blockade the port of Mackinac. In the performance of this service he was attacked by an overwhelming force of one hundred sailors and soldiers, and about three hundred Indians, having five batteaux and nineteen canoes. In this engagement he received a very severe wound in the thigh from a canister-shot, and was taken prisoner.

In 1816 he was appointed to the command of the *Porcupine*, and ordered to proceed up the lake with Colonel Hawkins and Colonel Roberdeau, topographical engineers, who had been directed to examine the line between the United States and Canada, under the treaty of Ghent. Subsequent to this, his wound breaking out afresh, he had to submit to a very severe operation, which, however, did not effect the object in view, and he has ever since been unable to do much active service. In 1828 he was ordered to the steamship *Fulton*, at New York, and was detached from her a short time before she blew up. In 1842 he had the command of the rendezvous in Buffalo, and was very successful in shipping apprentices for the navy. After the rendezvous was discontinued, in 1845, he was ordered to take command of the steamer *Michigan*, on Lake Erie, which vessel he had charge of for about two and a half years. At the time the navy was reformed, a few years since, he was put on the reserve list, with full pay, and has remained so ever since.

DR. USHER PARSONS.

DR. USHER PARSONS was born in Alfred, York County, Maine, the youngest son of one of the pioneer settlers of that town. His early education was obtained at the neighboring schools and academy; and he finished his medical studies under the eminent Dr. John Warren, of Boston. He entered the navy as surgeon's mate, at the age of twenty-three, joining immediately the frigate *John Adams* at New York, soon after the declaration of war in 1812. The officers and crew of that vessel volunteered for service on the lakes.

Dr. Parsons left Black Rock, where he was at first stationed, for Erie, with the vessels that had been armed and equipped, and reached that place June 14, 1813. As soon as Perry's whole squadron were ready for service they went to Put-in-Bay. Great sickness prevailed in the fleet; the two senior medical officers were disabled, and the whole of their duties devolved on Dr. Parsons.

In the battle which ensued, September 10, he was the only medical officer on duty, and was on board the flag-ship, *Lawrence*, commanded by Perry, which bore the brunt of the battle. The floor of the room in which he received the wounded was at nearly the level of the water, so that they and the surgeon were exposed to the fire of the battle, and two were killed after passing from his hands. The following letter shows the estimate placed by the commander on his professional services. Addressing the Secretary of the Navy, he writes:

"Of Dr. Usher Parsons, surgeon's mate, I can not say too much. In consequence of the sickness of Drs. Barton and Horseley, the duties of operating, dressing, and attending nearly one hundred wounded and as many sick devolved entirely on him. I can only say, Sir, that in the event of my having another command, I should consider myself peculiarly fortunate in having him with me as surgeon. (Signed) O. H. PERRY."

After the battle, the wounded from the other vessels were received on board the *Lawrence*, and sent to Erie, where the court-house was made a hospital, Dr. Parsons retaining charge of them. He was ordered to rank as full surgeon from the day of the battle, and received his commission as such the following April. He remained in charge of the wounded till the following May, when he was ordered on board the *Lawrence*, which, with several other vessels, sailed to Mackinac, under Commodore Sinclair, to transport troops from Detroit destined to capture that fort. They sailed early in June, landed and attacked Mackinac in August. The army was repulsed with heavy loss and returned to Lake Erie, and the fleet was employed in transporting troops of the Northwestern army from Detroit to Buffalo, and also the British prisoners captured by Harrison, from Cleveland to Canada.

In November, 1814, Dr. Parsons, at the request of Commodore Perry, was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy to the new frigate *Java*, at Baltimore, as chief surgeon of that noble vessel; he joined her in the following May, and sailed in January, 1816, for the Mediterranean. He returned in her to Boston in February, 1817, and after a year's leave of absence he was ordered to the *Guerrière*, Captain M'Donough, and sailed in July, 1818, to Russia, and thence to the Mediterranean. He there obtained leave to travel for the improvement of his health, and passed the following winter in the hospitals and medical schools of Paris and London; returned in the spring, and was stationed two years in Charlestown Navy Yard. During that time he was appointed Professor of Anatomy in Dartmouth College.

After a year or two he settled in general practice in Providence, and was appointed Professor in Brown University. He has resided there ever since, excepting one winter spent in Philadelphia as Professor in the Jefferson Medical College, and one winter in Paris and London. He resigned his commission in the navy in 1823, having held it more than ten years. He married, in 1822, Mary J., daughter of Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who died in 1825, leaving one son.

Dr. Parsons is author of several medical works, a volume on diseases of sea-faring men, first published in 1822, one on the art of making anatomical preparations, 1830, a volume of Boylston and Fiske Prize Essays, 1838. He also wrote the Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Sketches of the Lives of Eminent Physicians of Rhode Island, and several historical and medical pamphlets. He received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard and Brown, was for three years President of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and in 1853 was elected First Vice-President of the American Medical Association.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN.

DR. NATHANIEL EASTMAN, of Seville, Medina County, Ohio, though not exactly a survivor of the battle, had so much to do with the stirring events of those days that he naturally ranks with the survivors. He has kindly transmitted to us the following memorandum:

"I was born June 17, 1792, at Fort Ann, Washington County, New York. My father was a physician, raised and educated in Fairfield County, Connecticut. I commenced the study of medicine with my father in 1809, then living in Genesee County. In 1810 and 1811 I pursued my studies under the tuition of Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, of Buffalo. In January, 1812, I was licensed to practice physic and surgery by the Medical Society of Genesee County. In February I entered on the practice of my profession in the town of Waterford, Erie County, Pennsylvania. In the winter and spring of 1813 an epidemic prevailed along the Lake Shore, and nearly all who were attacked fell before it. The volunteer militia stationed at Erie were the greatest sufferers, almost every case terminating fatally. In February I went to reside in the town of Erie, and practice medicine in company with a Dr. Wallis. About the last of August, when the fleet was to sail from the port of Erie, by the solicitation of Commodore Perry, I volunteered as assistant surgeon in the Marine Hospital, where a number of sailors and marines were left sick, under the charge of Dr. Roberts. A few days after the battle the brig *Lawrence*, then commanded by Lieutenant Yarnall, came into the harbor of Erie with the wounded of the fleet. I assisted to get the wounded off the brig, and in removing them to the court-house, then occupied for a hospital. Dr. Parsons was principal surgeon; Dr. Roberts, Dr. Davis, and myself assisted in dressing wounds and in attending on the sick and wounded. About the 20th of October Commodore Perry came down from the upper lakes in the *Ariel*, and, if I mistake not, three or four days after Dr. Parsons left the hospital and went with Perry to the East. On the 14th of December I received an order from Captain Elliot, then commander of the fleet, to go to Put-in-Bay with a detachment of sailors under Sailing-master Stephen Champlin. We sailed from Erie, in the *Scorpion*, on the 16th, and landed on Put-in-Bay Island on the 24th. The party marched across the island to the prize-ships *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, that lay moored in the bay, where they had been left in a crippled condition. I was stationed on board the *Detroit*, and performed the duties of surgeon for both ships until the 16th of April, 1814, when I was relieved by Dr. Roberts, who came up from Erie with Captain Elliot in the *Ariel*. I returned to the fleet, and was stationed on board the brig *Niagara* as acting surgeon's mate, until the last of June, when I resigned my appointment, and left the service. I have practiced medicine at the place where I now reside thirty-six years. Respectfully yours,

"NATHANIEL EASTMAN."

JOHN CHAPMAN.

JOHN CHAPMAN, the subject of the following narrative, left England in the transport *Bostwick*, No. 404, and landed in Quebec. He left Quebec May 17, 1812, and came to Fort George, at the head of Lake Ontario. After a stay of two weeks he was sent to assist in the erection of Fort Erie; but before that was concluded he received orders to proceed to the point opposite to Black Rock, and help in the erection of three batteries. He spent the year at various points along the lines, participating in the battle of Queenstown, and was present to receive Hull at his surrender. In August following he was put on board the schooner *Lady Prevost*, 14 guns, at Long Point, and sailed for Fort Malden, where he arrived about three weeks before the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

The incidents of the battle we give in as near the same words as related by him as possible. He says:

"I was sent as a marine to make an attack upon Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, with 400 regular troops. We advanced upon the fort in solid column. Directly in front of me I saw a man run up a pike with his hat upon it. I fired a bullet through the hat, and a ball from a six-pounder went directly over my head and took off that of the man. This was the only man killed upon the American side. The attack was made about sunset, and it was between one and two hours after nightfall before I left the ground, and then not a living man was upon it except seven prisoners. Seeing my late companions dead upon every side, I crept along the ditch among the dead until I reached the end of it, where I came into full view, the moon shining brightly at the time. There was a short distance exposed between me and the woods. I ran with all my might to reach the shelter; but immediately I heard several shots, and balls whistled about me, but none of them hit me. I fell, feigning death, and lay till attention was drawn off, when I crept cautiously to the wood. I was now obliged to make a circuit around the fort in the edge of the thicket, until I came near the place where we had left two gun-boats below the fort. I gained these without difficulty, and the few remaining soldiers being collected, we returned to the lake, and thence back to Fort Malden.

"Upon our return to the fort I was sent on board the *Queen Charlotte* as a marine. My post was as gunner, maintopman, and boarder. My place as gunner was at No. 1, 24-pounder. We weighed anchor at 10 o'clock P.M. of the 9th of September. Our destination was to Long Point, for provisions for the upper forts, but thought it likely we should fall in with Commodore Perry's fleet. At daybreak of the 10th the man at the mast-head descried them at anchor in Put-in Bay, when we bore down upon them. They, discovering our approach, weighed anchor, and came out to meet us and give battle.

"Between 10 and 11 o'clock I fired the first gun upon the *Lawrence*. The first two shots I fired struck her—one through the main-mast, and the other between wind and water. I remained at my gun through the action, except when I was obliged to bring cartridges for the the gun, after the men were killed whose duty it was to serve them. I had my clothes, whiskers, and hair badly singed by the accidental discharge of some loose powder, but suffered no further injury, notwithstanding I had a 24-pound cartridge in my hand at the time.

"The *Lawrence* being disabled, Commodore Perry took advantage of the settling of the smoke upon the British fleet to go from her to the *Niagara*. We did not see him till he had nearly effected his purpose; but the wind causing the smoke to lift, I saw the boat, and aimed a shot at her, and saw the shot strike the boat. I then saw Commodore Perry strip off his coat and plug the hole with it. Having gained the ship, he sent Captain Elliot to bring the schooners into action. Captain Finnis, of the *Queen Charlotte*, had intended to pour in one broadside and then board; but his design was frustrated by the falling of the wind, which was blowing finely just before. The cutting away of the downhaul of one of the sails left her at the mercy of the wind, which again rose suddenly, and she ran foul of the *Detroit* and became entangled with her. The American schooners coming into action in the mean time, raked them fore and aft, carrying away all the masts of the *Detroit* and the mizzen of the *Queen Charlotte*, besides crippling her severely otherwise. The colors were immediately pulled down on all the vessels except the *Little Belt*, on which they had been nailed to the mast. She was a small craft and carried one small gun, perhaps a swivel. She tried to escape, but was soon brought to and made to surrender.

"Our surrender was unconditional. All the prisoners who were not wounded were put on board the *Porcupine*, afterward landed at Cannon River, and sent from thence to Chilicothe. The conduct of Commodore Perry was magnanimous, every kindness being shown to the wounded and prisoners, and made a deep impression in his favor upon all our hearts. He showed himself as humane toward a fallen, as he had shown himself brave in the presence of a resisting foe. The captain of the schooner *Porcupine*, to which we were transferred, was equally kind; he ordered food and grog to be served to us when we went on board, which was at an unseasonable hour, and quite unexpected, being but the dictate of his humanity.

"We were kept on board this vessel for three days, after which we were landed at Cannon River, and put in charge of General Harrison. Here we lay five days, when we were sent to Fort Stephenson, and thence directly to Chilicothe, by way of Columbus and Lancaster. Here we were kept until the following September.

"While there I was allowed to go out to work on a farm, my employer being responsible for my safe return.

"One day I was summoned, quite unexpectedly, to return to my quarters, when I learned that word had come that some Irish naturalized citizens had been taken in arms against the British, and were ordered to execution as traitors. Upon which General Scott had given orders that twice the number of English prisoners should be chosen by lot from among us, and suffer a similar fate if they were put to death. I drew one of the fatal numbers, and was kept in close confinement for five weeks, awaiting the result of the affair.

"I was finally taken back to Fort Stephenson, and from thence to Cleveland, where I arrived about the 1st of October. I remained there until the 20th, when I came to Hudson, and have lived here ever since.

"JOHN CHAPMAN."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

I.

WHEN I closed the last leaf of the Count's manuscript, the half hour during which I had engaged to remain at Forest Road had expired. Monsieur Rubelle looked at his watch and bowed. I rose immediately, and left the agent in possession of the empty house. I never saw him again; I never heard more of him or of his wife. Out of the dark by-ways of villainy and deceit they had crawled across our path—into the same by-ways they crawled back secretly, and were lost.

In a quarter of an hour after leaving Forest Road I was at home again.

But few words sufficed to tell Laura and Marian how my desperate venture had ended, and what the next event in our lives was likely to be. I left all details to be described later in the day, and hastened back to St. John's Wood to see the person of whom Count Fosco had ordered the fly, when he went to meet Laura at the station.

The address in my possession led me to some

"livery stables," about a quarter of a mile distant from Forest Road. The proprietor proved to be a civil and respectable man. When I explained that an important family matter obliged me to ask him to refer to his books, for the purpose of ascertaining a date with which the record of his business transactions might supply me, he offered no objection to granting my request. The book was produced; and there, under the date of "July 29, 1850," the order was entered in these words:

"Brougham to Count Fosco, 5 Forest Road. Two o'clock. (John Owen.)"

I found, on inquiry, that the name of "John Owen," attached to the entry, referred to the man who had been employed to drive the fly. He was then at work in the stable-yard, and was sent for to see me, at my request.

"Do you remember driving a gentleman, in the month of July last, from No. 5 Forest Road to the Waterloo Bridge Station?" I asked.

"Well, Sir," said the man, "I can't exactly say I do."

"Perhaps you remember the gentleman himself? Can you call to mind driving a foreigner, last summer—a tall gentleman, and remarkably fat?"

The man's face brightened directly. "I remember him, Sir! The fattest gentleman as ever I see—and the heaviest customer as ever I drove. Yes, yes—I call him to mind, Sir. We *did* go to the station, and it *was* from Forest Road. There was a parrot, or summut like it, screeching in the window. The gentleman was in a mortal hurry about the lady's luggage; and he give me a handsome present for looking sharp and getting the boxes."

Getting the boxes! I recollected immediately that Laura's own account of herself, on her arrival in London, described her luggage as being collected for her by some person whom Count Fosco brought with him to the station. This was the man.

"Did you see the lady?" I asked. "What did she look like? Was she young or old?"

"Well, Sir, what with the hurry and the crowd of people pushing about, I can't rightly say what the lady looked like. I can't call nothing to mind about her that I know of—excepting her name."

"You remember her name?"

"Yes, Sir. Her name was Lady Glyde."

"How do you come to remember that, when you have forgotten what she looked like?"

The man smiled, and shifted his feet in some little embarrassment.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir," he said, "I hadn't been long married at that time; and my wife's name, before she changed it for mine, was the same as the lady's—meaning the name of Glyde, Sir. The lady mentioned it herself. 'Is your name on your boxes, ma'am?' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'my name is on my luggage—it is Lady Glyde.' 'Come!' I says to myself, 'I've a bad head for gentlefolks' names in general—but *this* one comes like an old friend, at any rate.' I can't say nothing about the time, Sir: it might be nigh on a year ago, or it mightn't. But I can swear to the stout gentleman, and swear to the lady's name."

There was no need that he should remember the time; the date was positively established by his master's order-book. I felt at once that the means were at last in my power of striking down the whole conspiracy at a blow with the irresistible weapon of plain fact. Without a moment's hesitation I took the proprietor of the livery-stables aside, and told him what the real importance was of the evidence of his order-book and the evidence of his driver. An arrangement to compensate him for the temporary loss of the man's services was easily made; and a copy of the entry in the book was taken by myself, and certified as true by the master's own signature. I left the livery-stables, having settled that John Owen was to hold himself at my disposal for the next three days, or for a longer period, if necessity required it.

I now had in my possession all the papers that I wanted; the district registrar's own copy of the certificate of death, and Sir Percival's dated letter to the Count, being safe in my pocket-book. With this written evidence about me, and with the coachman's answers fresh in my memory, I next turned my steps, for the first time since the beginning of all my inquiries, in the direction of Mr. Kyrle's office. One of my objects in paying him this second visit was, necessarily, to tell him what I had done. The other was to warn him of my resolution to take my wife to Limmeridge the next morning, and to have her publicly received and recognized in her uncle's house. I left it to Mr. Kyrle to decide, under these circumstances, and in Mr. Gilmore's absence, whether he was or was not bound, as the family solicitor, to be present on that occasion in the family interests.

I will say nothing of Mr. Kyrle's amazement, or of the terms in which he expressed his opinion of my conduct, from the first stage of the investigation to the last. It is only necessary to mention that he at once decided on accompanying us to Cumberland.

We started the next morning by the early train. Laura, Marian, Mr. Kyrle, and myself in one carriage; and John Owen, with a clerk from Mr. Kyrle's office, occupying places in another. On reaching the Limmeridge station we went first to the farm-house at Todd's Corner. It was my firm determination that Laura should not enter her uncle's house till she appeared there publicly recognized as his niece. I left Marian to settle the question of accommodation with Mrs. Todd, as soon as the good woman had recovered from the bewilderment of hearing what our errand was in Cumberland; and I arranged with her husband that John Owen was to be committed to the ready hospitality of the farm servants. These preliminaries completed, Mr. Kyrle and I set forth together for Limmeridge House.

I can not write at any length of our interview with Mr. Fairlie, for I can not recall it to mind without feelings of impatience and contempt, which make the scene, even in remembrance only, utterly repulsive to me. I prefer to record simply that I carried my point. Mr. Fairlie attempted to treat us on his customary plan. We passed without notice his polite insolence at the outset of the interview. We heard without sympathy the protestations with which he tried next to persuade us that the disclosure of the conspiracy had overwhelmed him. He absolutely whined and whimpered, at last, like a fretful child. "How was he to know that his niece was alive, when he was told that she was dead? He would welcome dear Laura with pleasure, if we would only allow him time to recover. Did we think he looked as if he wanted hurrying into his grave? No. Then why hurry him?" He reiterated these remonstrances at every available opportunity, until I checked them once for all, by placing him firmly between two inevitable alternatives. I gave him his choice between doing his niece justice on my terms, or facing the consequences of a public assertion of her identity in a court of law. Mr. Kyrle, to whom he turned for help, told him plainly that he must decide the question then and there. Characteristically choosing the alternative which promised soonest to release him from all personal anxiety, he announced, with a sudden outburst of energy, that he was not strong enough to bear any more bullying, and that we might do as we pleased.

Mr. Kyrle and I at once went down stairs, and agreed upon a form of letter which was to be sent round to the tenants who had attended the false funeral, summoning them, in Mr. Fairlie's name, to assemble in Limmeridge House on the next day but one. An order, referring to the same date, was also written, directing a statuary in Carlisle to send a man to Limmeridge church-yard, for the purpose of erasing an inscription—Mr. Kyrle, who had arranged to sleep in the house, undertaking that Mr. Fairlie should hear these letters read to him, and should sign them with his own hand.

I occupied the interval-day at the farm in writing a plain narrative of the conspiracy, and in adding to it a statement of the practical contradiction which facts offered to the assertion of Laura's death. This I submitted to Mr. Kyrle before I read it, the next day, to the assembled tenants. We also arranged the form in which the evidence should be presented at the close of the reading. After these matters were settled, Mr. Kyrle endeavored to turn the conversation next to Laura's affairs. Knowing, and desiring to know, nothing of those affairs, and doubting whether he would approve, as a man of business, of my conduct in relation to my wife's life-interest in the legacy left to Madame Fosco, I begged Mr. Kyrle to excuse me if I abstained from discussing the subject. It was connected, as I could truly tell him, with those sorrows and troubles of the past which we never referred to among ourselves, and which we instinctively shrank from discussing with others.

My last labor, as the evening approached, was to obtain "The Narrative of the Tombstone," by taking a copy of the false inscription on the grave before it was erased.

The day came—the day when Laura once more entered the familiar breakfast-room at Limmeridge House. All the persons assembled rose from their seats as Marian and I led her in. A perceptible shock of surprise, an audible murmur of interest, ran through them at the sight of her face. Mr. Fairlie was present (by my express stipulation), with Mr. Kyrle by his side. His valet stood behind him with a smelling-bottle ready in one hand, and a white handkerchief, saturated with eau de Cologne, in the other.

I opened the proceedings by publicly appealing to Mr. Fairlie to say whether I appeared there with his authority and under his express sanction. He extended an arm on either side to Mr. Kyrle and to his valet; was by them assisted to stand on his legs; and then expressed himself in these terms: "Allow me to present Mr. Hartright. I am as great an invalid as ever, and he is so very obliging as to speak for me. The subject is dreadfully embarrassing. Please hear him; and don't make a noise!" With those words, he slowly sank back again into the chair, and took refuge in his scented pocket-handkerchief.

My disclosure of the conspiracy followed—after I had offered my preliminary explanation, first of all, in the fewest and the plainest words. I was there present (I informed my hearers) to declare, first, that my wife, then sitting by me, was the daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fairlie; secondly, to prove, by positive facts, that the funeral which they had attended in Limmeridge church-yard was the funeral of another woman; thirdly, to give them a plain account of how it had all happened. Without further preface, I at once read the narrative of the conspiracy, describing it in clear outline, and dwelling only upon the pecuniary motive for it, in order to avoid complicating my statement by unnecessary reference to Sir Percival's secret. This done, I reminded my audience of the date of "Lady Glyde's" death, recorded on the inscription in the church-yard (the 28th of July); and confirmed its correctness by producing the doctor's certificate. I then read them Sir Percival's letter announcing his wife's intended journey from Hampshire to London on the 29th, and dated from Blackwater on the 28th—the very day when the certificate asserted her decease in St. John's Wood. I next showed that she had actually taken that journey, by the personal testimony of the driver of the fly; and I proved that she had performed it on the day appointed in her husband's letter, by the evidence of the order-book at the livery-stables. Marian, at my request, next added her own statement of the meeting between Laura and herself at the mad-house, and of her sister's escape. After which I closed the proceedings by informing the persons present of Sir Percival's death, and of my marriage.

Mr. Kyrle rose, when I resumed my seat, and declared, as the legal adviser of the family, that my case was proved by the plainest evidence he had ever heard in his life. As he spoke those words, I put my arm round Laura, and raised her so that she was plainly visible to every one in the room. "Are you all of the same opinion?" I asked, advancing toward them a few steps and pointing to my wife.

The effect of the question was electrical. Far down at the lower end of the room one of the oldest tenants on the estate started to his feet, and led the rest with him in an instant. I see the man now, with his honest brown face and his iron-gray hair, mounted on the window-seat, waving his heavy riding-whip frantically over his head, and leading the cheers. "There she is, alive and hearty—God bless her! Gi' it tongue, lads! Gi' it tongue!" The shout that answered him, reiterated again and again, was the sweetest music I ever heard. The laborers in the village, and the boys from the school assembled on the lawn, caught up the cheering and echoed it back on us. The farmers' wives clustered round Laura, and struggled which should be first to shake hands with her, and to implore her, with the tears pouring over their own cheeks, to bear up bravely, and not to cry. She was so completely overwhelmed that I was obliged to take her from them and carry her to the door. There I gave her into Marian's care—Marian, who had never failed us yet, whose courageous self-control did not fail us now. Left by myself at the door, I invited all the persons present (after thanking them in Laura's name and mine) to follow me to the church-yard, and see the false inscription struck off the tombstone with their own eyes.

They all left the house, and all joined the throng of villagers collected round the grave, where the statuary's man was waiting for us. In a breathless silence the first sharp stroke of the steel sounded on the marble. Not a voice was heard, not a soul moved till those three words, "Laura, Lady Glyde," had vanished from sight. Then there was a great heave of relief among the crowd, as if they felt that the last fetters of the conspiracy had been struck off Laura herself, and the assembly slowly withdrew. It was late in the day before the whole inscription was erased. One line only was afterward engraved in its place: "Anne Catherick, July 28, 1850."

I returned to Limmeridge House early enough in the evening to take leave of Mr. Kyrle. He, and his clerk, and the driver of the fly, went back to London by the night train. On their departure an insolent message was delivered to me from Mr. Fairlie—who had been carried from the room in a shattered condition, when the first outbreak of cheering answered my appeal to the tenantry. The message conveyed to us "Mr. Fairlie's best congratulations," and requested to know whether "we contemplated stopping in the house." I sent back word that the only object for which we had entered his doors was accomplished; that I contemplated stopping in no man's house but my own; and that Mr. Fairlie need not entertain the slightest apprehension of ever seeing us, or hearing from us, again. We went back to our friends at the farm to rest that night; and the next morning—escorted to the station, with the heartiest enthusiasm and good-will, by the whole village, and by all the farmers in the neighborhood—we returned to London.

As our view of the Cumberland hills faded in the distance I thought of the first disheartening circumstances under which the long struggle that was now past and over had been pursued. It was strange to look back and to see, now, that the poverty which had denied us all hope of assistance had been the indirect means of our success, by forcing me to act for myself. If we had been rich enough to find legal help, what would have been the result? The gain (on Mr. Kyrle's own showing) would have been more than doubtful; the loss—judging by the plain test of events as they had really happened—certain. The Law would never have obtained me my interview with Mrs. Catherick. The Law would never have made Pesca the means of forcing a confession from the Count.

II.

Two more events remain to be added to the chain before it reaches fairly from the outset of the story to the close.

While our new sense of freedom from the long oppression of the past was still strange to us, I was sent for by the friend who had given me my first employment in wood engraving to receive from him a fresh testimony of his regard for my welfare. He had been commissioned by his employers to go to Paris, and to examine for them a French discovery in the practical application of his Art, the merits of which they were anxious to ascertain. His own engagements had not allowed him leisure time to undertake the errand, and he had most kindly suggested that it should be transferred to me. I could have no hesitation in thankfully accepting the offer; for if I acquitted myself of my commission as I hoped I should, the result would be a permanent engagement on the illustrated newspaper to which I was now only occasionally attached.

I received my instructions, and packed up for the journey the next day. On leaving Laura once more (under what changed circumstances!) in her sister's care, a serious consideration recurred to me, which had more than once crossed my wife's mind, as well as my own, already—I mean the consideration of Marian's future. Had we any right to let our selfish affection accept the devotion of all that generous life? Was it not our duty, our best expression of gratitude, to forget ourselves, and to think only of *her?* I tried to say this, when we were alone for a moment, before I went away. She took my hand, and silenced me at the first words.

"After all that we three have suffered together," she said, "there can be no parting between us till the last parting of all. My heart and my happiness, Walter, are with Laura and you. Wait a little, till there are children's voices at your fireside. I will teach them to speak for me in *their* language; and the first lesson they say to their father and mother shall be, 'We can't spare our aunt!'"

My journey to Paris was not undertaken alone. At the eleventh hour Pesca decided that he would accompany me. He had not recovered his customary cheerfulness since the night at the Opera, and he determined to try what a week's holiday would do to raise his spirits.

I performed the errand intrusted to me, and drew out the necessary report, on the fourth day from our arrival in Paris. The fifth day I arranged to devote to sight-seeing and amusement in Pesca's company.

Our hotel had been too full to accommodate us both on the same floor. My room was on the second story, and Pesca's was above me, on the third. On the morning of the fifth day I went up stairs to see if the Professor was ready to go out. Just before I reached the landing I saw his door opened from the inside; a long, delicate, nervous hand (not my friend's hand certainly) held it ajar. At the same time I heard Pesca's voice saying eagerly, in low tones, and in his own language: "I remember the name, but I don't know the man. You saw at the Opera, he was so changed that I could not recognize him. I will forward the report—I can do no more." "No more need be done," answered a second voice. The door opened wide, and the light-haired man with the scar on his cheek—the man I had seen following Count Fosco's cab a week before—came out. He bowed as I drew aside to let him pass; his face was fearfully pale, and he held fast by the balusters as he descended the stairs.

I pushed open the door and entered Pesca's room. He was crouched up, in the strangest manner, in a corner of the sofa. He seemed to shrink from himself, to shrink from me, when I approached him.

"Am I disturbing you?" I asked. "I did not know you had a friend with you till I saw him come out."

"No friend," said Pesca, eagerly. "I see him to-day for the first time and the last."

"I am afraid he has brought you bad news?"

"Horrible news, Walter! Let us go back to London; I don't want to stop here; I am sorry I ever came. The misfortunes of my youth are very hard upon me," he said, turning his face to the wall; "very hard upon me in my later time. I try to forget them, and they will not forget *me!*"

"We can't return, I am afraid, before the afternoon," I replied. "Would you like to come out with me, in the mean time?"

"No, my friend; I will wait here. But let us go back to-day—pray let us go back."

I left him with the assurance that he should leave Paris that afternoon. We had arranged, the evening before, to ascend the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, with Victor Hugo's noble romance for our guide. There was nothing in the French capital that I was more anxious to see, and I departed by myself for the church.

Approaching Notre-Dame by the river-side, I passed, on my way, the terrible dead-house of Paris—the Morgue. A great crowd clamored and heaved round the door. There was evidently something inside which excited the popular curiosity, and fed the popular appetite for horror.

I should have walked on to the church if the conversation of two men and a woman on the outskirts of the crowd had not caught my ear. They had just come out from seeing the sight in the Morgue; and the account they were giving of the dead body to their neighbors described it as the corpse of a man—a man of immense size, with a strange mark on his left arm.

The moment those words reached me I stopped, and took my place with the crowd going in. Some dim foreshadowing of the truth had crossed my mind when I heard Pesca's voice through the open door, and when I saw the stranger's face as he passed me on the stairs of the hotel. Now the truth itself was revealed to me—revealed in the chance words that had just reached my ears. Other vengeance than mine had followed that fated man from the theatre to his own door; from his own door to his refuge in Paris. Other vengeance than mine had called him to the day of reckoning, and had exacted from him the penalty of his life. The moment when I had pointed him out to Pesca at the theatre, in the hearing of that stranger by our side, who was looking for him too, was the moment that sealed his doom. I remembered the struggle in my own heart when he and I stood face to face—the struggle before I could let him escape me—and shuddered as I recalled it.

Slowly, inch by inch, I pressed in with the crowd, moving nearer and nearer to the great glass screen that parts the dead from the living at the Morgue—nearer and nearer, till I was close behind the front row of spectators, and could look in.

There he lay, unowned, unknown; exposed to the flippant curiosity of a French mob—there was the dreadful end of that long life of de-

graded ability and heartless crime! Hushed in the sublime repose of death, the broad, firm, massive face and head fronted us so grandly that the chattering Frenchwomen about me lifted their hands in admiration, and cried, in shrill chorus, "Ah, what a handsome man!" The wound that had killed him had been struck with a knife or dagger exactly over his heart. No other traces of violence appeared about the body, except on the left arm; and there, exactly in the place where I had seen the brand on Pesca's arm, were two deep cuts in the shape of the letter T, which entirely obliterated the mark of the Brotherhood. His clothes hung above him, showed that he had been himself conscious of his danger—they were clothes that had disguised him as a French artisan. For a few moments, but not for longer, I forced myself to see these things through the glass screen. I can write of them at no greater length, for I saw no more.

The few facts in connection with his death, which I subsequently ascertained (partly from Pesca and partly from other sources), may be stated here, before the subject is dismissed from these pages.

His body was taken out of the Seine, in the disguise which I have described; nothing being found on him which revealed his name, his rank, or his place of abode. The hand that struck him was never traced, and the circumstances under which he was killed were never discovered. I leave others to draw their own conclusions in reference to the secret of the assassination, as I have drawn mine. When I have intimated that the foreigner with the scar was a Member of the Brotherhood (admitted in Italy, after Pesca's departure from his native country), and when I have further added that the two cuts, in the form of a T, on the left arm of the dead man, signified the Italian word "Traditore," and showed that justice had been done by the Brotherhood on a Traitor, I have contributed all that I know toward elucidating the mystery of Count Fosco's death.

The body was identified the day after I had seen it by means of an anonymous letter addressed to his wife. He was buried by Madame Fosco, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Fresh funeral wreaths continue to this day to be hung on the ornamental bronze railings round the tomb by the Countess's own hand. She lives in the strictest retirement at Versailles. Not long since she published a Biography of her deceased husband. The work throws no light whatever on the name that was really his own, or on the secret history of his life; it is almost entirely devoted to the praise of his domestic virtues, the assertion of his rare abilities, and the enumeration of the honors conferred on him. The circumstances attending his death are very briefly noticed; and are summed up on the last page in this sentence: "His life was one long assertion of the rights of the aristocracy, and the sacred principles of Order—and he died a Martyr to his cause."

III.

The summer and autumn passed, after my return from Paris, and brought no changes with them which need be noticed here. We lived so simply and quietly that the income which I was now steadily earning sufficed for all our wants.

In the February of the new year our first child was born—a son. My mother and sister and Mrs. Vesey were our guests at the little christening party, and Mrs. Clements was present to assist my wife on the same occasion. Marian was our boy's godmother, and Pesca and Mr. Gilmore (the latter acting by proxy) were his godfathers. I may add here, that, when Mr. Gilmore returned to us, a year later, he assisted the design of these pages, at my request, by writing the Narrative which appears early in the story under his name, and which, though the first in order of precedence, was thus, in order of time, the last that I received.

The only event in our lives which now remains to be recorded occurred when our little Walter was six months old.

At that time I was sent to Ireland to make sketches for certain forthcoming illustrations in the newspaper to which I was attached. I was away for nearly a fortnight, corresponding regularly with my wife and Marian, except during the last three days of my absence, when my movements were too uncertain to enable me to receive letters. I performed the latter part of my journey back at night, and when I reached home in the morning, to my utter astonishment, there was no one to receive me. Laura and Marian and the child had left the house on the day before my return.

A note from my wife, which was given to me by the servant, only increased my surprise, by informing me that they had gone to Limmeridge House. Marian had prohibited any attempt at written explanations—I was entreated to follow them the moment I came back—complete enlightenment awaited me on my arrival in Cumberland—and I was forbidden to feel the slightest anxiety in the mean time. There the note ended.

It was still early enough to catch the morning train. I reached Limmeridge House the same afternoon.

My wife and Marian were both up stairs. They had established themselves (by way of completing my amazement) in the little room which had been once assigned to me for a studio when I was employed on Mr. Fairlie's drawings. On the very chair which I used to occupy when I was at work Marian was sitting now, with the child industriously sucking his coral upon her lap; while Laura was standing by the well-remembered drawing-table which I had so often used, with the little album that I had filled for her in past times open under her hand.

"What in the name of Heaven has brought you here?" I asked. "Does Mr. Fairlie know—?"

Marian suspended the question on my lips by telling me that Mr. Fairlie was dead. He had been struck by paralysis, and had never rallied after the shock. Mr. Kyrle had informed them of his death, and had advised them to proceed immediately to Limmeridge House.

Some dim perception of a great change dawned on my mind. Laura spoke before I had quite realized it. She stole close to me to enjoy the surprise which was still expressed in my face.

"My darling Walter," she said, "must we really account for our boldness in coming here? I am afraid, love, I can only explain it by breaking through our rule and referring to the past."

"There is not the least necessity for doing any thing of the kind," said Marian. "We can be just as explicit, and much more interesting, by referring to the future." She rose, and held up the child, kicking and crowing in her arms. "Do you know who this is, Walter?" she asked, with bright tears of happiness gathering in her eyes.

"Even *my* bewilderment has its limits," I replied. "I think I can still answer for knowing my own child."

"Child!" she exclaimed, with all her easy gayety of old times. "Do you talk in that familiar manner of one of the landed gentry of England? Are you aware, when I present this august baby to your notice, in whose presence you stand? Evidently not! Let me make two eminent personages known to one another: Mr. Walter Hartright—*the Heir of Limmeridge.*"

So she spoke. In writing those last words I have written all. The pen falters in my hand; the long, happy labor of many months is over! Marian was the good angel of our lives—let Marian end our Story.

THE END.

THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."

BOURBON, the subject of the accompanying illustration, is a very promising three-year-old, and the winner of the two-mile race on Fashion Course, Long Island, June 22, 1860.

He is the property of T. Puryear, Esq., of Charleston, South Carolina, who has great confidence in his future career on the turf. Like Nicholas, he was sired by Glencoe, out of Fleur-de-lis; and possesses all the requisite points of a racer in an eminent degree. His color is dark-brown, with black legs, mane, and tail; his form tall, strong, and *racer-looking.* In the two-mile race on the Fashion Course his opponent, Irona, though well-ridden, had neither the stride nor the bottom of this magnificent colt, who won easily in 3 minutes 51½ seconds.

THE VIRGIN.

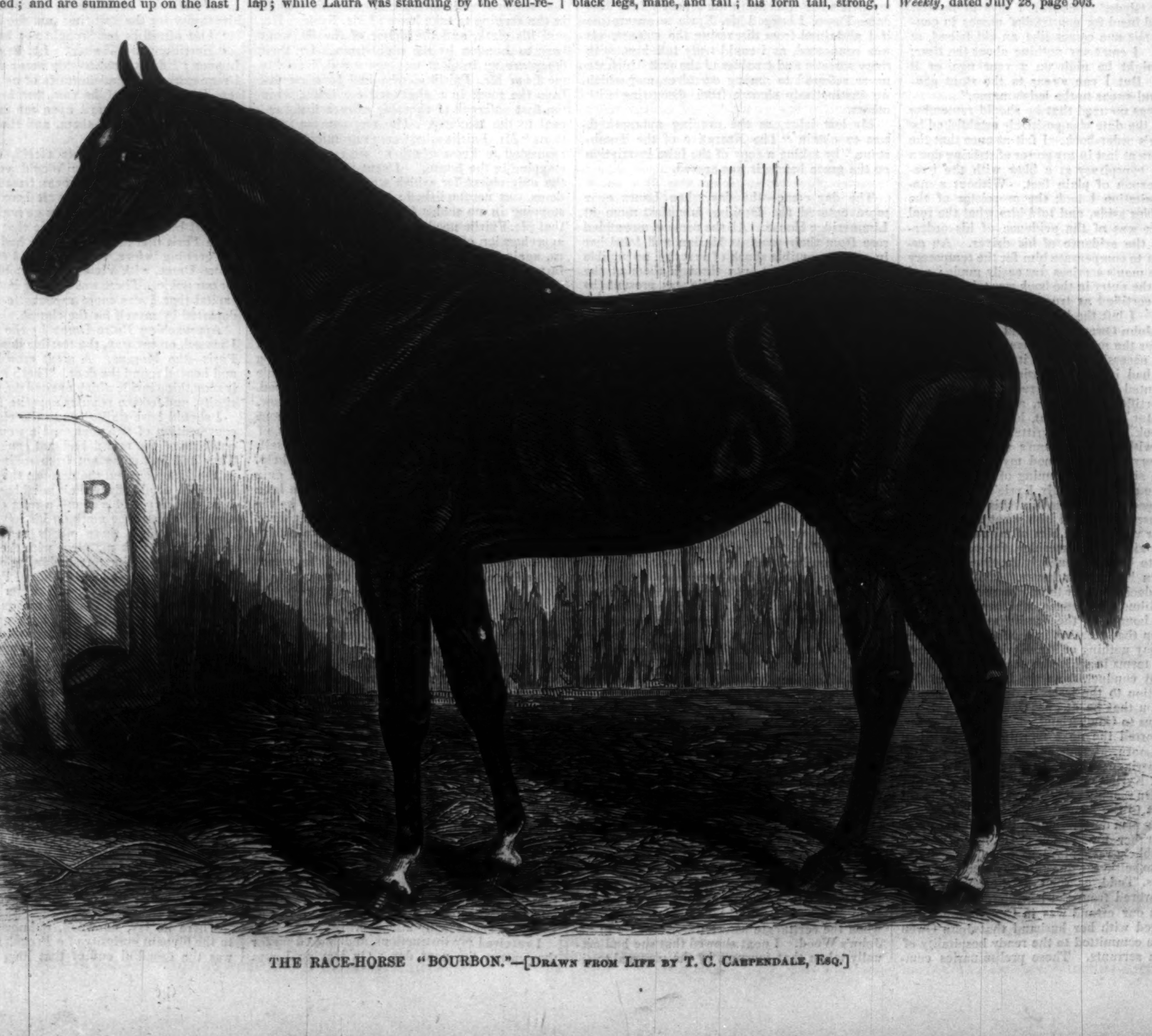
EVERY reader of medieval history has heard of the instrument of torture called the Virgin. An English curiosity-hunter, Mr. Pearsall, has lately discovered one of these ancient Virgins, and publishes an engraving of it, which we copy on page 573. Mr. Pearsall says of it:

"From the engraving, which represents the interior, it is evident that the front of the figure opened like folding-doors, the two halves of the front part being connected by hinges with the back part. On the inside of the right breast are thirteen quadrangular poniards; on the left breast there are eight of these weapons, and two more project from the inside of the head. These last were intended, it is supposed, to pierce the eyes of the victim, who, from this circumstance, is conjectured to have entered the machine backward, and in this position to have been stabbed by the protruded stilettos. It is not known exactly now in what way the engine operated, the mechanism being no longer attached; but there can be little doubt that it was much in the same way as a similar figure called *Mater Dolorosa*—said to have been been found in the Inquisition at Madrid—performed its ghastly office. This latter instrument, in its ordinary appearance, was that of a female with her arms crossed on her bosom; but by mechanical appliances the arms were expanded, and then the inside of them was seen to be studded with small dirks. The person to be executed was placed opposite to her, breast to breast; then her arms, being clasped round his back by means of some powerful screwing implement, were made to grasp him tightly. While she held him thus a trap-door opened beneath his feet, and he was held suspended over a yawning gulf. In this situation he was importuned to confess his guilt until the increasing pressure of the machine had squeezed the life from his body, which was then released, and fell through the aperture into an oubliette."

THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.

SOME excitement was lately caused by the discovery, in the prison of San Francisco, at Naples, of a prisoner who at first could give no account of himself, and of whom no mention was made in the prison registers. It was currently reported that he was a second edition of the Man with the Iron Mask, who was imprisoned on account of his birth. Other accounts stated that he was an American. We give on page 573 a portrait of the poor fellow. He had been imprisoned four years at Rome and Naples: no charge had ever been brought against him; he had been starved, and his clothes had rotted off his back. When he was taken to the house of a benevolent Neapolitan he could hardly walk, was almost blind, and cried, in his bewilderment and confusion, "Where am I?"

His story was published in No. 189 of *Harper's Weekly*, dated July 28, page 503.



THE RACE-HORSE "BOURBON."—[DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.]

"I USED TO GO EACH MORNING TO THE POST IN THE VILLAGE," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR life at the Rosary—for it was *our* life now of which I have to speak—was one of unbroken enjoyment. On fine days we fished—that is, Crofton did—and I loitered along some river's bank till I found a quiet spot to plant my rod and stretch myself on the grass, now reading, oftener dreaming, such glorious dreams as only come in the leafy shading of summer time to a mind enraptured with all around it. The lovely scenery and the perfect solitude of the spot ministered well to my fanciful mood, and left me free to weave the most glittering web of incident for my future. So utterly was all the past blotted from my memory that I recalled nothing of existence more remote than my first evening at the cottage. If for a passing instant a thought of by-gones would obtrude, I hastened to escape from it as from a gloomy reminiscence. I turned away, as would a dreamer who dreaded to awaken out of some delicious vision, and who would not face the dull aspect of reality. Three weeks thus glided by of such happiness as I can scarcely yet recall without emotion! The Croftons had come to treat me like a brother; they spoke of family events in all freedom before me; talked of the most confidential things in my presence; and discussed their future plans and their means as freely in my hearing as though I had been kith and kin with them. I learned that they were orphans, educated and brought up by a rich, eccentric uncle, who lived in a sort of costly reclusion in one of the Cumberland dales: Edward, who had served in the army, and been wounded in an Indian campaign, had given up the service in a fit of impatience at being passed over in promotion. His uncle resented the rash step by withdrawing the liberal allowance he had usually made him, and they quarreled. Mary Crofton, espousing her brother's side, quitted her guardian's roof to join his, and thus had they rambled about the world for two or three years, on means scanty enough, but still sufficient to provide for those who neither sought to enter society nor partake of its pleasures.

As I advanced in the intimacy I became depositary of the secrets of each. Edward's was the sorrow he felt for having involved his sister in his own ruin, and been the means of separating her from one so well able and so willing to befriend her. Hers was the more bitter thought that their narrow means should prejudice her brother's chances of recovery, for his chest had shown symptoms of dangerous disease, requiring all that climate and consummate care might do to overcome. Preyed on incessantly by this reflection—unable to banish it, equally unable to resist its force—she took the first and only step she had ever adventured without his knowledge, and written to her uncle a long letter of explanations and entreaty.

I saw the letter; I read it carefully over. It was all that sisterly love and affection could dictate, accompanied by a sense of dignity, that if her appeal should be unsuccessful, no slight should be passed upon her brother, who was unaware of the step thus taken. To express this sufficiently, she was driven to the acknowledgment that Edward would never have himself stooped to the appeal; and so careful was she of his honor in this respect, that she repeated—with what appeared to me unnecessary insistence—that the request should be regarded as hers, and hers only. In fact, this was the uppermost sentiment in the whole epistle. I ventured to say as much, and endeavored to induce her to moderate in some degree the amount of this pretension; but she resisted firmly and decidedly. Now I have recorded this circumstance here—less for itself than to mention how by its means this little controversy led to a great intimacy between us—inducing us, while defending our separate views, to discuss each other's motives, and even characters, with the widest freedom. I called her enthusiast, and in return she styled me worldly and calculating; and, indeed, I tried to seem so, and fortified my opinions by prudential maxims and severe reflections I should have been sorely indisposed to adopt in my own case. I believe she saw all this. I am sure she read me aright, and perceived that I was arguing against my own convictions. At all events, day after day went over, and no answer came to the letter. I used to go each morning to the post in the village to inquire, but always returned with the same disheartening tidings, "Nothing to-day!"

One of these mornings it was that I was returning disconsolately from the village, Crofton, whom I believed at the time miles away on the mountains, overtook me; he came up from behind, and passing his arm within mine, walked on for some minutes without speaking. I saw plainly there was something on his mind which he found difficult to open, and I half dreaded lest he might have discovered his sister's secret, and have disapproved of my share in her procedure.

"Algy," said he, calling me by my Christian name, which he very rarely did, "I have something to say to you if I only knew how to approach it. Can I be quite certain that you'll take my frankness in good part?"

"You can," said I, with a great effort to seem calm and assured.

"You give me your word upon it?"

"I do," said I, trying to appear bold; "and my hand be witness of it."

"Well," resumed he, drawing a long breath, "here it is: I have remarked that for above a week back you have never waited for the post-boy's return to the cottage, but always have come down to the village yourself."

I nodded assent, but said nothing.

"I have remarked besides," said he, "that when told at the office there was no letter for you, you came away sad-looking and fretted, scarcely spoke for some time, and seemed altogether downcast and depressed."

"I don't deny it," said I, calmly.

"Well," continued he, "some old experiences of mine have taught me that this sort of anxiety has generally but one source with fellows of *our* age, and which simply means that the remittance we have counted upon as certain has been, from some cause or other, delayed. Isn't that the truth?"

"No," said I, joyfully, for I was greatly relieved by his words; "no, on my honor, nothing of the kind."

"I may not have hit the thing exactly," said he, hurriedly, "but I'll be sworn it is a money matter, and if a couple of hundred pounds be of the least service—"

"My dear, kind-hearted fellow," broke I in, "I can't endure this longer; it is no question of money; it is nothing that affects my means, though I half wish it were, to show you how cheerfully I could owe you my escape from a difficulty—not, indeed, that I need another tie to bind me to you—" But I could say no more, for my eyes were swimming over, and my lips trembling.

"Then," cried he, "I have only to ask pardon for thus obtruding upon your confidence. You'll forgive me, I hope."

I was too full of emotion to do more than squeeze his hand affectionately, and thus we walked along, side by side, neither uttering a word. At last, and, as it were, with an effort, by a bold transition to carry our thoughts into another and very different channel, he said, "Here's a letter from old Dyke, our landlord. The worthy father has been enjoying himself in a tour of English watering-places, and has now started for a few weeks up the Rhine. His account of his holiday, as he calls it, is amusing; nor less so is the financial accident to which he owes the excursion. Take it and read it," added he, giving me the epistle. "If the style be the man, his reverence is not difficult to decipher."

I bestowed little attention on this speech, uttered, as I perceived, rather from the impulse of starting a new topic than any thing else, and taking the letter half mechanically, I thrust it in my pocket. One or two efforts we made at conversation were equally failures, and it was a relief to me when Crofton, suddenly remembering some night-lines he had laid in a mountain lake a few miles off, hastily shook my hand, and said, "Good-by till dinner-time."

When I reached the cottage, instead of entering I strolled into the garden, and sought out a little summer-house of sweet-brier and honey-suckle, on the edge of the river. Some strange, vague impression was on me that I needed time and place to commune with myself and be alone; that a large unsettled account lay between me and my conscience, which could not be longer deferred, but of what nature, how originating, and how tending, I know nothing whatever.

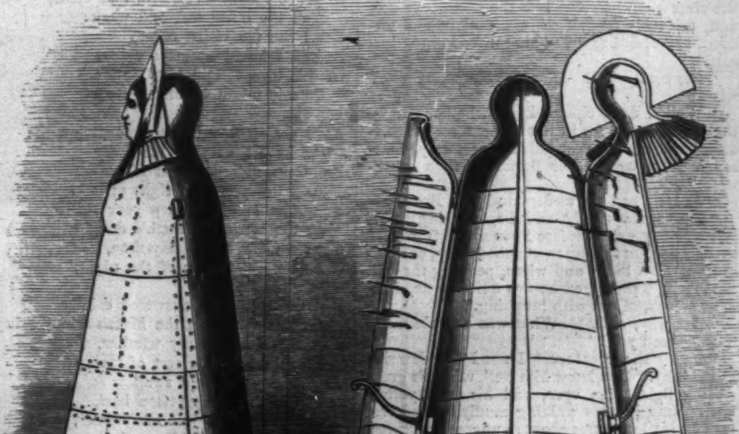
I resolved, however, to submit myself to a regular interrogatory, by a close and searching examination, to ascertain what I might about myself. In my favorite German authors I had frequently read that men's failures in life were chiefly owing to neglect of this habit of self-investigation; that though we calculate well the dangers and difficulties of an enterprise, we omit the more important estimate of what may be our own capacity to effect an object, what are our resources, wherein our deficiencies.

"Now for it," thought I, as I entered the little arbor—"now for it, Potts; kiss the book, and tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

As I said this I took off my hat and bowed respectfully around to the members of an imaginary court. "My name," said I, in a clear and respectful voice, "is Algernon Sydney Potts. If I be pushed to the avowal, I am sorry it is Potts! Algernon Sydney do a deal, but they can't do every thing—not to say that captious folk see a certain bathos in the collocation with

"THE RUSTLE OF A MUSLIN DRESS HASTILY BRUSHING THROUGH THE TREES," ETC.

THE AMERICAN PRISONER AT NAPLES.—[SEE PAGE 572.]



THE VIRGIN, AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

my surname. Can a man hope to make such a name illustrious? Can he aspire to the notion of a time when people will allude to the great Potts, the celebrated Potts, the immortal Potts?" I grew very red, I felt my cheek on fire as I uttered this, and I suddenly bethought me of Mr. Pitt, and I said aloud, "And if Pitt, why not Potts?" That was a most healing recollection. I reveled in it for a long time. "How true is it," said I, "that the halo of greatness illumines all within its circle, and the man is merged in the grandeur of his achievements! The men who start in life with high-sounding designations have but to fulfill a foregone pledge—to pay the bill that Fortune has indorsed. Not so was our case, Pitt. To us is it to lay every foundation-stone of our future greatness. There was nothing in *your* surname to foretell you would be a Minister of State at one-and-thirty—there is no letter in *mine* to indicate that I shall be. But what is it that I am to be? Is it Poet, Philosopher, Politician, Soldier, or Discoverer? Am I to be great in Art, or illustrious in Letters? Is there to be an ice tract of Behring's Straits called Potts's Point, or a planet styled Pottsium Sidus? And when centuries have rolled over, will historians have their difficulty about the first Potts, and what his opinions were on this subject or that?"

Then came a low soft sound of half-suppressed laughter, and then the rustle of a muslin dress hastily brushing through the trees. I rushed out from my retreat and hurried down the walk. No one to be seen—not a soul; not a sound, either, to be heard.

"No use hiding, Mary," I called out, "I saw you all the time; my mock confession was got up merely to amuse you. Come out boldly and laugh as long as you will." No answer. This refusal amazed me. It was like a disbelief in my assertion. "Come, come!" I cried, "you can't pretend to think I was serious in all this vainglorious nonsense. Come, Mary, [illegible] us enjoy the laugh at it together. If you don't, I shall be angry. I'll take it ill—very ill."

Still no reply. Could I, then, have been deceived? Was it a mere delusion? But no; I heard the low laugh, and the rustle of the dress, and the quick tread upon the gravel, too plainly for any mistake, and so I returned to the cottage in chagrin and ill-temper. As I passed the open windows of the little drawing-room I saw Mary seated at her work, with, as was her custom, an open book on a little table beside her. Absorbed as she was, she did not lift her head nor notice my approach till I entered the room.

"You have no letter for me?" cried she, in a voice of sorrowful meaning.

"None," said I, scrutinizing her closely, and sorely puzzled what to make of her calm deportment. "Have you been out in the garden this morning?" asked I, abruptly.

"No," said she, frankly.

"Not quitted the house at all?"

"No. Why do you ask?" cried she, in some surprise.

"I'll tell you," said I, sitting down at her side, and speaking in a low and confidential tone, "a strange thing has just happened to me." And with that I narrated the incident, glossing over, as best I might, the absurdity of my soliloquizing, and the nature of the self-examination I was engaged in. Without waiting for me to finish, she broke in suddenly with a low laugh, and said,

"It must have been Rose."

"And who is Rose?" asked I, half sternly.

"A cousin of ours, a mere school-girl, who has just arrived. She came by the mail this morning when you were out. But here she is, coming up the walk. Just step behind that screen, and you shall have your revenge. I'll make her tell every thing."

I had barely time to conceal myself in my ambush when, with a merry laugh, a fresh, girlish voice called out, "I've seen him! I've seen him, Mary! I was sitting on the rock beside the river when he came into the summer-house, and, evidently fancying himself alone and unseen, proceeded to make his confession to himself."

"His confession! How do you mean? or of what?"

"Well, I don't exactly know whether that be the proper name for it, but it was a sort of self-examination; not very painful, certainly, inasmuch as it was rather flattering than otherwise."

"I really can not understand you, Rose."

"I'm not surprised," said she, laughing again. "It was some time before I could satisfy myself that he was not talking to somebody else, or reading out of a book, and when, peeping through the leaves, I perceived he was quite alone, I almost screamed out with laughing."

"But why, child? What was the absurdity that amused you?"

"Fancy the creature. I need not describe him, Molly. You know him well, with his great staring light-green eyes, and his wild yellow hair. Imagine his walking madly to and fro, tossing his long arms about in uncouth gestures, while he asked himself seriously whether he wouldn't be Shakspeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Nelson. Fancy his gravely inquiring of himself what remarkable qualities predominated in his nature: was he more of a sculptor, or a politician, or had fate destined him to discover new worlds, or to conquer the old ones! If I hadn't been actually listening to the creature, and occasionally looking at him, too, I'd have doubted my senses. Oh dear! shall I ever forget the earnest absurdity of his manner as he said something about the 'immortal Potts.'"

The reminiscence was too much for her, for she threw herself on a sofa, and laughed immoderately. As for me, unable to endure more, and fearful that Mary might finish by discovering me, I stole from the room and rushed out into the wood.

What is it that renders ridicule more insupportable than vituperation? Why is the violence of passion itself more easy to endure than the sting of sarcastic satire? What weak spot in our nature does this peculiar passion assail? And again, why are all the noble aspirations of high-hearted enthusiasm, the grand self-reliance of daring minds, ever to be made the theme of such scoffings? Have the scorners never read of Wolfe, of Murat, or of Nelson? Has not a more familiar instance reached them of one who foretold to an unwilling senate the time when they would hang in expectancy on his words, and treasure them as wisdom? Cruel, narrow-minded, and unjust world, with whom nothing succeeds except success!

The man who contracts a debt is never called cheat till his inability to discharge it has been proven clearly and beyond a doubt; but he who enters into an engagement with his own heart to gain a certain prize, or reach a certain goal, is made a mockery and a sneer by all whose own humble faculties represent such striving as impossible. From thoughts like these I went on to speculate whether I should ever be able, in the zenith of my great success, to forgive those captious and disparaging critics who had once endeavored to damp my ardor and bar my career. I own I found it exceedingly difficult to be generous, and in particular to that young minx of sixteen who had dared to make a jest of my pretensions.

I wandered along thus for hours. Many a grassy path of even sward led through the forest, and taking one of those which skirted the stream, I strolled along, unconscious alike of time and place. Out of the purely personal interests which occupied my mind sprang others, and I bethought me with a grim satisfaction of the severe lesson Mary must have ere this read Rose upon her presumption and her flippancy, telling her, in stern accents, how behind that screen the man was standing she had dared to make the subject of her laughter. Oh, how she blushes! what flush of crimson shame spreads over her face, her temples, and her neck! what large tears overflow her lids, and fall along her cheeks! I actually pity her suffering, and am pained at her grief.

"Spare her, dear Mary!" I cry out; "after all, she is but a child. Why blame her that she can not measure greatness, as philosophers measure mountains, by the shadow?"

Egotism, in every one of its moods and tenses, must have a strong fascination. At least, I walked on for many a mile while thus thinking, without the slightest sense of weariness, or any want of food. The morning glided over, and the hot noon was passed, and the day was sobering down into the more solemn tints of coming evening, while thus I loitered or lay in the tall grass, still deep in my musings.

In taking my handkerchief from my pocket I accidentally drew forth the priest's letter, and in a sort of half-indolent curiosity proceeded to read it. The hand was a cramped and somewhat rugged one, the writing of a man to whom the manual part of correspondence is a heavy burden, and who consequently incurs such labor as rarely as is possible. As for the composition, it had all the charm of ease, and was as unstudied as need be, the writer being evidently one who cared little for the graces of style, satisfied to discuss his subject in the familiar terms of his ordinary conversation.

Although I do not mean to impose more than an extract from it on my reader, I must reserve even that much for my next chapter.

FATE AND A HEART.

It was midnight when I listened,
  And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
  And the other soft and weak:
Yet I saw no vision enter,
  And I heard no steps depart
Of this Tyrant and his Captive—
  Fate it might be and a Heart.

Thus the stern voice spake in triumph:
  "I have shut your life away
From the radiant world of nature
  And the perfumed light of day.
You, who loved to steep your spirit
  In the charm of earth's delight,
See no glory of the day-time,
  And no sweetness of the night."

But the soft voice answered calmly:
  "Nay: for when the March winds bring
Just a whisper to my window,
  I can dream the rest of spring;
And to-day I saw a swallow
  Flitting past my prison bars,
And my cell has just one corner,
  Whence at night I see the stars."

But its bitter taunt repeating,
  Cried the harsh voice: "Where are they—
All the friends of former hours
  Who forget your name to-day?
All the links of love are shattered,
  Which you thought so strong before,
And your life is doubly lonely
  And alone, since loved no more."

But the low voice spake still lower:
  "Nay: I know the golden chain
Of my love is purer, stronger,
  For the cruel fire of pain:
They remember me no longer,
  But I, grieving here alone,
Bind their souls to me forever,
  By the love within my own."

But the voice cried: "Once, remember,
  You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren,
  To the service of your kind:
Now, what sorrow can you comfort,
  You, who lie in helpless pain,
With an impotent compassion,
  Fretting out your life in vain?"

"Nay;" and then the gentle answer
  Rose more loud and full and clear:
"For the sake of all my brethren,
  I thank God that I am here!
Poor had been my life's best efforts,
  Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
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